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AN EPIC POEM.

FINGAL:



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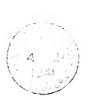
"Genuine Remains of Ossian."

WITH NOTES.

BY T. TRAVERS BURKE, M.D.,
AUTHOR OF "TEMORA," "DARTHULA," ETC. ETC.

"From northern regions came a hostile flect, Undauntedly he the invaders met." Fingal, Canto II.

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TO

COLONEL JOHN ELLIOT CAIRNES, K.H.,

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PREFACE.

THE character of the poetry which has reached our hands from the immortal Ossian, is so exalted, and so peculiar, that the princely Bard has been truly described by Oliver Goldsmith as "the first Poet of all antiquity." This may appear an exaggerated eulogium to a poet who has been actually "written down." But let any unprejudiced mind compare the Poems of Ossian with Homer or Virgil, and the result will be, if the critic be a real judge of what constitutes the true charm of lyrical numbers, that Ossian will be admitted infinitely to transcend his predecessors. In virtuous purity of character, he towers above all competition :- in beauty, justice, integrity and sublimity of metaphor, or simile, he astounds the most brilliant imagination. As an historical poet, he is apparently as faithful as truth can render him.

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The manners and customs of his cotemporaries, at the interesting period which just preceded the introduction of Christianity into our islands, are delineated with a fulness and a fidelity that must prove truly grateful to the lover of truth and antiquity.

But why should it be necessary to write a single line in praise of such an author? Why to eulogise the Royal Bard who had a chief hand in screening the banished Christians that sought an asylum in the inaccessible fastnesses of the realm where Ossian's name for centuries commanded respect and esteem bordering upon adoration? Merely because James Macpherson, Esq. "wrote him down."

The late large and expensive volume published under the patronage of the Highland Society, will, we trust, serve to redeem the illustrious name of Ossian from obloquy and contempt! Ossian was an Irishman, we feel convinced; but the circumstance of his being born in Ireland of the Princess Roscrana, while his youthful father was making a campaign of glory in that country, is not sufficient

to deprive the Caledonians of their genuine claim to the Bard who said, that "his fame shall remain, and grow like the oak of Morven; which lifts its broad head to the storm, and rejoices in the course of the wind!"

Fingal must be allowed to speak for itself. It records one of the early invasions of Ireland by the troops of Lochlan [probably Denmark] under the warlike Swaran, the defeat of that prince by Fingal, and numerous episodes descriptive of the manner of life, customs and religious prejudices of the ancient inhabitants of Erin.

The reception which the present author's versification of the Poem of *Timora* has met with in a corner of Scotland, where a thousand copies were all sold, demands not only the author's sincere thanks, but is an encouragement to attempt a perfect edition of the entire of the Poems of the Bard of Cona, if the present work should meet similar encouragement.

It, however, occurs to the author, that the following note respecting the character of Fingal, King of Morven, would be far more in its place Perelo 1318 XIV PREFACE.

here, than where it originally appeared, namely, in the Poem of *Timora*. He therefore gives it:—

"I cannot avoid remarking, that the character of Fingal is drawn with an uniform and a masterly hand. If we bear in mind the different situations in which Ossian has exhibited him, in the various poems where he is mentioned, the difficulties he had to contend with, and his conduct from his youth up to the period when his political life closed: we shall be led to consider him freer from the common frailties of humanity than almost any other personage whom history records. Left destitute in the midst of powerful enemies, whom the rash conduct of his father had raised up,-at a time, too, when his country appears to have been harrassed with frequent invasions by the Romans: and probably tinctured with religious prejudices against his family-(for as Trenmore, his greatgrandfather, is said to have overturned the Druidical form of government, we cannot but suspect that some adherents to so long-established and crafty a system still existed)-we behold him. while vet a boy, surmounting every obstacle; recovering the sovereignty; conciliating the affections of all around him; flying at every call to the assistance of his relatives and friends: displaying a vigour and firmness of character, and a benevolence of soul, such as we rarely find united in the same individual.

"View him as a general,—he possessed valour, prudence, and, above all, an intimate knowledge of human nature. He seems actually to have an almost magical influence over the minds of his followers,—their feelings are at his command, their confidence in him is unlimited.

"View him as a king,-he is the protector of the helpless, the defender of the oppressed, and the fearless guardian of his country's rights. We never find him intoxicated with success, although ever victorious. No irritation is sufficient to excite a vindictive feeling in his breast: the office dearest to his heart is the exercise of mercy !--witness his conduct to the perfidious Starné, to Lathmar, to Swaran, to Erragan, and, lastly, to the dying Camor. Ambition, in the usual acceptation of the word, he had none: we never discover him aggrandizing himself at the expense of others : we never hear of his enlarging his dominions : he 'lifts the spear' only in self-defence, or 'rescue the feeble,' or 'to curb the proud.' Even in the prosecution of his wars, he makes no unnecessary parade of prowess. And in those speeches where he dwells most on heroic actions, he appears more desirous of stimulating others by his example, than of recommending himself to notice through vainglory.

"In private life, he was equally exemplary: as a lover, he was ardent, tender, faithful; and the general amiability of his character, in other respects, may be inferred from the estimation in which his friends held him, but more especially from the affection and respect of his children, who would die rather than incur his displeasure!

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"Of the high value set upon his friendship, we have, indeed, a most singular instance, in the episode which is introduced in 'The War of Caros'—a father puts his only son to death for having justly brought down upon himself the wrath of Fingal,

"With respect to talent,—as a poet, as an orator, and as a politician, he appears to have been highly gifted, and fully to have merited the panegyric bestowed upon him by Ossian, in the Poem of Garon. And we cannot help concluding, that, had it been his lot to have wielded the sceptre of a mighty empire, he would have shone as one of the brightest ornaments of human nature, and been a distinguished blessing to his fellow-creatures."

It is very gratifying to the author, that he has permission to send this national poem to the world under the auspices of a gallant and virtuous soldier. Those persons who are acquainted with the arduous and important services, in the Eastern hemisphere, of Col. E. Cairnes, and the great military benefits thereby conferred upon his country, will readily ascribe to that fame-crowned officer a perfect capability of appreciating the value of Fingal's character. Our present patron was not only valiant in the field of Mars, but the admira-

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tion of his family, and the idol of his social friends. He also resides near the scene of action of the poem, and very close to the spot where the inestimable Cudúlin terminated his mortal career.

With respect to the present volume, it has been versified from the *Genuine Remains of Ossian*, very recently published under the patronage of the Highland Society of London, and the utmost care has been taken to ensure the closest adherence to the language as well as the sentiments of the original. The names therein given have also been most scrupulously preserved, and will be found very different from the vitiated orthography observed in Macpherson.

The author is rather gratified than surprized to find, that the Editor of the Gennine Remains agrees with him as to the scene of action of the Poems of Fingal and Timora. In the latter poem, which the present author published many years ago, and which has been entirely sold off by a fraudulent publisher, who never came to any settlement with the author, the locality of the Poems has been fixed with a minute attention to accuracy. Dar-

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thula has also been published, with a critical dissertation on the authenticity and merit's of Ossian's works.

All the Poems are completed, and in MS. ready for publication. But from the prevailing aversion that publishers express to any metrical work, the author will be obliged to defer the publication of the next volume, until he shall be assured of such a number of recipients for it at the same price as the present, as will authorize him to put it to press. The public can judge by the present volume whether the value of the money will or will not be given.

Few works are better calculated to allay a perturbed mind, or to create therein "the joy of grief," than the sweet sympathy of Ossian.

 North Brunswick-street, Dublin, January 15, 1844.

P.S.—Any person wishing to be furnished with the second volume of the Poems of Ossian, at 4s., will be pleased to inform the author of his desire. To the distinguished persons who have favoured PREFACE. XIX

him with their names for *Fingal*, the author begs to express his deep gratitude for the confidence with which they have honoured him, and he hopes that he has not neglected to fulfil his duty, though the price charged has not been a remunerating one.

FINGAL, AN EPIC POEM.

CANTO L

SYNOPSIS.

Cudúlin, prince of the Isle of Sky, general in chief of the Irish forces, and guardian to Cormac, the young king of Ireland, during his minority, is warned by one of his scouts of the invasion of Ireland by Swaran, a king of Scandinavia. orders the signal to be made for the assembling of his chiefs to Council. Connal, a chief, advises him not to resist till the arrival of Fingal, king of Morven, to aid the army of Cormac; and to make terms with Swaran. Calmar, chief of Lara, accuses Connal of timidity, and proposes immediate action. This proposal, being more congenial with the disposition of Cudúlin than compromise, is embraced. Three of the Irish chiefs are missed. One of them, Fergus, arrives, and gives an account of the deadly feud in which the other two perished. The Irish army marches to attack Swaran. Swaran, hearing the noise of their distant movement, sends a scout to reconnoitre. The scout quickly returns, and gives an alarming statement of the formidable appearance of Cudúlin. Swaran, nothing daunted, gives the signal for his troops to advance. An engagement takes place, but is not decisive. After the battle, Cudúlin sends his bard to invite Swaran to a feast. The invitation is haughtily refused. Carril, the Irish bard, sings the tale of Carber and Brasollis. after the feast. An advanced guard is sent out by the Irish General to watch the foe during the night.

I.

CUDULIN(1) sat by Tura's wall, reclined Beneath a tree that rustled in the wind; His ashen spear leaned 'gainst a rock, and on

The grass beside him was his broad shield thrown,

Carber dwells in his thoughts, a chief of might, A hero slain by his strong arm in fight. Such the reflections the chief's mind impres'd, When ocean's scout, Mac-Fili, him address'd: Arise, Cudúlin, in thy speed arise: A mighty northern fleet has met mine eyes; Move quickly, valiant ruler of the land, For great is Swaran, (2) mighty is his band!" "Moran, thou tremblest," said the son of kings, "Thy dread a foe for Inisfal's friend brings. 'Tis Fingal,(3) king of deserts, come to aid Erin of streams, not Swaran's host that's sped." Says Moran, "Think not that my fears now mock, I've seen their leader, like a glittering rock! His spear's a lofty pine, his full-orbed shield Is like the rising moon in eastern field! He sat upon a rock, where waves sound shrill, Like cloud of mist that climbs up vonder hill. Many, chief of heroes, are thy hands in war, Well art thou named the mighty conqueror. Stout are thy warriors, reckless they of life, Their weapons ever keen in mortal strife, But many valiant heroes may be seen Who press tow'rd Tura's walls, O king of men!

TT.

- "When Swaran spake, his surly words he gave Like to a rock assaulted by a wave,
- 'Who in this kingdom matches my strong hand?
- 'The chiefs of Erin cannot me withstand.
- 'Who can meet Swaran in the field of arms,
- 'Save Fingal, king of Selma of the storms?
- 'On Malmor, (4) once, in wrestling strife we stood,
- 'Our heels o'erturned the young trees of the wood;
- ' The rocks, uprooted, tumbled from their place,
- 'And forced the streamlets a new course to trace.
- 'Where'er our feet in pride of strength did glide,
- 'The streams, compress'd, fled murmuring from our side,
- 'Three days the mighty contest we renewed:
- 'The warriors brave in battle distant stood.
- 'Upon the fourth, king Fingal says I fell,
- 'But Ocean's prince the slander doth repel:
- 'For Swaran's might unshaken stood on high,
- 'He never tript, nor stumbled, I reply.
- 'Then let Cudúlin yield to him that is
- 'Strong as the autumn's storm of Lochlan's seas!"
- "No," said the blue-eyed king, "I never yield To mortal man! I never fied war's field.

Cudúlin rather shall be lowly laid,

For he with fame shall crown'd be: great or dead!

Mac-Fili, take thou in thy hand my spear,

And strike great Sema's(5) gloomy shield for war.

At Tura's wall it hangs aloft: the sound

Of peace was never on its bosses found!

My gallant heroes shall hear, and obey;

For Erin's sons in strife ne'er felt dismay!"

IV.

With ready hand the spotted shield he struck:
The woods and copses echoed to the shock.
Along the groves the sound, still spreading, goes;
The frightened deer start from the hill of roes.
Cruach leaps from the echoing rock, and near
Him stands brave Connal with his trusty spear.
The son of Favi ceased to chase the hind;
Crugal reached Tura swifter than the wind.
"Hark, Ronan, to the shield of war, it is
Cudúlin's loud alarm, no sound of peace!"
Calmar, of billowy ocean, lift thine arms;
Thy steel take, Luder, naught thy soul alarms;
Mac-Foine, the valiant, quickly bend the knee;
Carber, quit thou the echoes of Cromlee;

O hospitable Foiché, from thy hall
Swift fly, obedient to the hero's call.
Hasten, Cormac, hasten thou from Lena's stream,
And in the lightning of thy bright steel gleam.
O dauntless Coilté, stretch thy graceful limbs,
Advancing swift from Mora; thy breast seems
Of fairer hue than is the drifted foam,
That on blue ocean's troubled face doth roam,
When the dark winds on rocky Cuthar pour,
And with their broken surges strew the shore.

v.

Now I behold the chiefs, as each proceeds, Uplifted in the pride of former deeds;

Their souls are kindled at the wars of old,
The gallant prowess other days had told;
Their flaming eyes looked fiercely round the vale,
For the dark enemy of Inisfal.
Their mighty hands their strong sword-handles feel,
Lightning now poureth from their sides of steel!
Like mountain-stream each bravely rushes on,
That through its craggy bed the hill glides down.
Bright are the chiefs amid the arms that were
Their fathers' glory in the echoing war.

Their warriors follow, grim, behind them, even As watery clouds round meteors of heaven. At every step the clang of arms ascends, Amid the baying of high-bounding hounds. The song of war from many lips did rattle, For every heart was eager for the battle. The neighbouring mountain felt the varied sound, And rocking Cromlee echoes it around. On Lena's dusky heath the heroes stand, Like hoary autumn's mist that shades the land; When dark and broken it to hills is given, And, settling, binds its towering head to heaven.

VI.

"Hail," said Cudúlin, "generous hunters, hail. Ye valiant offspring of the narrow vale! Another sport and pastime's drawing near, 'Midst stormy tribes to lift death's pointed spear. The foe is off yon point, a numerous host, Advancing in swift pride along the coast. Say, dauntless sons of war, shall we advance, Or yield green Erin to proud Lochlan's lance? O, Connal.(7) speak, thou first of men, that wields A potent spear, and oft rent eastern shields:

Yes; strong thy hand is, fearless is thy brow; Wilt thou thy father's conquering spear lift now?"

VII.

Connal calmly said, "Cudúlin, chief of men, The pointed spear in Connal's hand is keen; It in the rage of battle loves to shine, And with the blood of hundreds to combine. But though my hand's disposed to fight, my heart Desires that Erin's peace should not depart. Behold, thou mightiest chief of Cormac's war, How great doth Swaran's sable fleet appear! His masts are numerous as he proceeds Along our coast: as Lego's lake bears reeds! Yea, like a misty wood the fleet we find, Whose trees, by turns, yield to the squally wind: Many his chiefs in war! make turmoil cease: Cudúlin, Connal's voice is now for peace. Give sea-borne Swaran tribute, and gain life: Fingal himself would shun the vengeful strife: High chief of Alban's ever-conquering race, Who scatters heroes, as the withered grass, When whirlwind over Cona's torrents flies, And Morven's clad in mantle of the skies!"

VIII.

"Then fly, thou man of peace," said Calmar, "fly, Let Connal seek his hills that silent lie Where the soul-stirring war doth ne'er appear, Nor thou with joy in battle lift the spear. Pursue the spotted(8) goat on Cromla's top; The roes of Lena with thine arrows stop. But, son of Sema of renowned hands, Leader of native and auxiliar(9) bands, Disperse and rout the seed of Lochlan's vale, Crush the invader of fair Inisfal, Till not a vessel with strong oar or sails Shall pass your stormy billows, Isles of Whales! (10) Chief of the spear of conquest, let none go Again to reach the stormy realms of snow. Rise, ye dark tempests of green Erin, winds That, whirling, fly round Lara of brown hinds,-Rise, Erin's gale; in wild storm let me die, Torn in a cloud by angry ghosts on high, If I prefer not to the chase of deer The hard, hot conflict, and the wounds of war!" Connal calmly said, "O young Mac-Matas, I From battle ne'er with steps of fear did fly:

Swift was I with my friends to fight, but small
The humble fame of Connal is withal.
Victorious were they in my presence; praise
For deeds of valour soft-voiced bards did raise;
But excellent Mac-Shema, hear my voice,
That Cormae may on his fair throne rejoice.
Tribute to Swaran, yea, half Erin give (11)
For peace, till Fingal shall to us arrive;
But if our leader's choice for strife should be,
This arm shall wield the steel for victory:
My joy in midst of thousands shall be bright,
My soul shall lighten through the clouds of fight."

IX.

"To me," Cudúlin answers, "pleasant is
The clash of swords and shields, as to the eyes
The shower of spring, or thunder, ranging far
And to the ear proclaiming soft rain near.
But gather Erin's fame-clad race, that I
Her bands in all their might may now descry:
Let them swift o'er the heath pass in their arms,
As dazzling sunshine bursteth forth ere storms,
When the west wind her clouds collects, and cloaks
Mist-covered Morven o'er her sounding oaks!

But where are now my friends in danger? where My arm's sustainers when war's stream is near? Where, graceful Cabad, is thy smiling face? And where's Duchômar, cloud in war and chase? Hast thou, O Fergus, of the powerful arm, Left me when this flood spreads its wild alarm? Fergus, thou'rt ever sprightly at the feast, First in our joy, and our much-prized guest! O arm of death, whom terror never stills, Comest thou, like roe, from Galmar's echoing hills? Hail, son of Rossa, in thy joy appear!—
What grief now clouds the fearless son of war?"

X.

"Four stones," replied the chief, "rise on the grave Of fearless Cabad, leader of the brave;
These hands, Cudúlin, in the earth have laid Duchômar, who in war with power could aid.
Cabad, thou sun of Armun, thou, in truth,
A sun-beam wert in Erin; and from youth,
Fearless Duchômar, thou wert as the mist
Of marshy Leno amidst autumn's blast,
When o'er the plains it moveth to the throng;
To failing thousands bringing death along.

Murna! thou fairest of bright maids, thy sleep
Within the cavern of thy rock is deep!
The people's pride is fallen, like a star
Which, shooting o'er the desert, bright doth glare:
Yes, when the traveller is alone, it gleams,
But he sees it to mourn its transient beams!"

XI.

"Say," said the blue-eyed son of Sema, "say, The valiant chiefs of Erin how failed they? Fell they by Lochlan's arms upon the heath, Fighting 'gainst hundreds on the field of death? Or what confines the strong in deeds and arms Within the dark and narrow house of storms?"

XII.

Episode of Murna, Cabad, and Duchomar. (12)

"Cabad," said Fergus, "in cold death doth lie By the sword of Duchômar; even by The oak of gurgling streams. Duchômar came To Tura's cave, to Murna, maid of fame. Unto the maid of loveliness he spake:

- · Murna, thou fairest among women, make
- ' Duchômar's soul from sorrow to awake!

- 'Murna, thou fairest branch of beauty, why
- 'Within this echoing rock dost thou here lie?
- 'Why in the cavern of this dripping stone
- 'Are thy fair face and bright form only shone?
- 'A dark stream murmuring at its mouth we find,
- 'And an old tree that moaneth in the wind:
- 'The ruffled lake before thee we espy,
- 'While dusky clouds obscure the o'er-cast sky!
- 'But thou art virgin-snow upon the heath;
- 'Thy hair's the mist of Cromla, when the breath
- ' Of gentle breezes curls it on the hill,
- 'While eastern sun-beams it with brightness fill!
- 'Thy breasts are two white stones, seen from afar,
- 'Which bright beside Bran's hoary stream appear: Thine arms like two white pillars, in the hall
- 'Of mighty Fingal, thoughts of joy recall!"

XIII.

- "From whence," replied the maid of graceful mien,
- "Comest Duchômar, gloomiest of men?

 Dark are thy brows, and terrible as sad;

 O hideous chief, thy rolling eyes are red!

 Does Swaran's fleet on Erin's seas now show?

 Brings he a thousand ships? What of the foe?"

XIV.

"I from the hill return, O Murna, from The hill of dark-brown hinds my steps now come. I've slain three deer, fair maid, with bending yew, Three with my bounding dogs to light I drew. O lovely daughter of brave Cormac, I Adore thee as my soul: for thee I'd die! One stately deer for thy white hand I've slain; High rose his branchy head upon the plain, And fleet as lightning were his feet of wind!" "Duchômar, I no pleasure in thee find," Calmly replied the maid: "dark is thy brow; And thy base mind a darker gloom doth show; Thy heart is like the cold and flinty rock : So now my ear no more with thy words mock! But unto thee, beloved Armun's son, Brave Cabad, freely Murna's soul doth run! Thou art the love of Murna, valiant arm, Thou art a sun-beam in the day of storm! Like the sun's golden beams thy flowing hair, When he doth from the land of mist appear! Sawest thou young Cabad on the heath-brown hill? For Murna's grateful hand deer he will kill. The daughter of the famous Cormae's race Waiteth her love's return now from the chase."

XV.

"And long, O Murna, shalt thou wait," grim said Sullen and fierce Duchômar to the maid: "Long must the patience of thy soul be shewn For the return of Armun's gallant son! Behold this blade, whose keenest edge well stood, Thy Cabad lately stained it with his blood. The mighty hero by this strong blade fell: In vain thy bursting sigh for him shall swell! I'll raise a stone funereal o'er thy love, Brave Cormac's daughter, my regard to prove. Let not our hearts, O maid, be rent asunder; Turn to Duchômar, whose arm's strongest thunder." "And is the sun of Armun lowly laid?" With sorrow's voice exclaimed the lovely maid; "Is he upon his echoing hills laid low, The graceful youth that heaved a breast of snow? The first in chase of hinds, the chief whose hand Was strong to drive the foe from his green land! Thou'rt dark to me, Duchômar, cruel is Thine arm to Murna, as when death's blast flies! Give me that sword, my foe! I love to see The wandering blood of him once dear to me!"

He gave the weapon to the maiden's tears;
She pierced his manly breast, (13) and deep he wears
The rankling steel within his bosom. Down
Upon the earth the youth fell like a stone;
Or like a mountain torrent's steepy bank,
Whose base hath from the wave's encroachment shrank.
As on the ground he lay, he silence broke,

And to the maid with out-stretch'd hand thus spoke: "O daughter of blue-shielded Cormac, thou

Hast cut off my renown! The steel is now Cold as an icicle within my breast.

Murna, my parting soul's with it opprest!

Give me to Moina: I to her was bright:

She'll raise my tomb. I was her dream by night.

The hunter of the valley shall my fame With loud songs raise, and bless Duchômar's name.

But, Murna, draw the steel from death's deep wound,

The icy cold around my heart is bound!"

Fearful and slow, the virgin came unto

The chief, and from his breast the weapon drew.

He snatched the gleaming sword, and, in the pride

Of dark revenge, he pierced her snow-white side!

She fell! her spreading hair wide-strews the ground,

The blood from her side flows with gurgling sound;

Her white arm's stained red! she rolling lies

In death. The cave re-echoes with her sighs!

XVI.

"Peace," said Mac-Shema, "lasting pleasure flow Around the heroes' souls! Their deeds bright glow In stormy fight: and let them, wind-borne, ride Around my car, while clouds their dim forms hide; Or if on me their warlike features glow, My soul shall firmer in the conflict grow; My arm shall like the thunder of high heav'n, With its forked flame, thro' foemen's ranks be driv'n. But thou, O Murna, on a moon-beam placed, (14) Be seated near the window of my rest; When din of arms away hath fully past, And warlike thoughts, for peace, far-off are cast. The strength of Ullin's tribes now gather, and To battle move. Let my war-car attend: The chariot which with echoing course doth o'er The death-strew'd plain extend the flames of war! Rejoice amidst my course, as it proceeds: Follow the bounding of my daring steeds! Place two spears at my side, that I may feel My soul, with well-raised shield, to grasp war's steel.

That when the battle darkens round my wheels,
I may make blood to fill the little rills!
O may my rising soul with joy abound,
When the fierce conflict widely swells around!

As hoary stream with foaming course doth flow From lofty Cromla's dark and iron brow, When all the mount the echoing thunder feels, And dusky night surrounds the snow-capt hills; While ghastly forms of lurid hue look down, From rushing showers, that o'er the valley frown ; So fierce, so great, so dread, so swiftly flow The hardy race of Erin on the foe! Their chief appeared before them, like a whale, Which after him the boiling waves doth hale: He, like to clouds, doth send aloft his breath; The tall coast trembleth while he moves beneath. The sons of Lochlan heard the hoarse sound glide, Like to the murmuring of a winter-tide; Swaran struck in eager haste his echoing shield, To call his warlike heroes to the field. But 'midst the storm of war the king of spears Asked Arné's son, "What murmur meets mine ears? I from the mountain's side a noise receive, Like to the hum of sportive flies at eve;

From Erin's martial race the sound doth spread,
Or from a whirlwind in a distant wood;
Like Gormal's murmur the deep sound now is,
Ere ocean's tempests o'er my billows rise.
Hie, son of Arné, yonder hill ascend,
And o'er the copse and heath thine eye extend."

XVII.

He went; and soon returned with trembling speed; His eyes stare wildly round; his face is red, His heart beat strongly when he saw the foe, Faltering his speech was, and his words were slow. "Arise, lord of the ocean's waves, arise Brave leader of brown-shielded hosts," he cries : "I see the bursting torrent of dark war: The race of Erin and their chief are near. A car, a mighty war-car o'er the heath (15) Comes thundering, and to all proclaiming death! In this swift car of splendour, wild the feats Of bold Cudúlin, a chief great in straits. The strong Mac-Shema over it extends, And with his steel the trembling dark cloud rends: Bending behind him like a wave it curves, Or mist a rock encircling where it swerves;

Its sides, embossed with stones, are sparkling bright, Like ocean round the swift-borne boat of night. Of burnished vew its polished beam, and on Its centre is a seat of polished bone. 'Tis a receptacle of gleaming spears, And heroes' shields and swords its bosom bears. The right side of this ear of mighty force Presents a proud, broad-breasted, prancing horse; Fiery the steed, with sounding hoof: his mane, Above high-spreading, streameth o'er the plain. It seems the steam of smoke upon a ridge Of rocks, when ocean war doth on them wage: Bright is his colour, and he fleet appears; Sulin-Sifada is the name he bears. Before the left side of the car is seen A tall and curv'd-neck'd horse, whose mane is thin: Strong-hoofed, and fleet, he from the mountain eame, Dusronnal is this swift and bold steed's name. A thousand thongs this car on high firm bind; With bright steel bits the bridles are confined: And as with eager pace along they roam, Their champing mouths and jaws are strew'd with foam: With jems of beauty their necks shine above;

Like mist on hills the stately coursers move,

To bear the chief to glory! Than the deer, Their aspect is more wild: they vigorous are As the strong eagle, which, o'er hill and dale, Doth on its never-failing pinion sail: Their noise resembleth a dark winter-storm. Or Gormal choked with snow when winds alarm. Within the car is seen the heroes' lord, The strong, well-shielded wielder of the sword. Cudúlin is the noble heroe's name, Mac-Shema of blue-spotted shield and fame! His florid cheek is like the polish'd yew; As evening's setting sun 'tis bright to view. Far spreads the hero's manly eye, beneath A brow, arched, dark and small, along the heath: Like flaming fire his yellow hair waves round His bright, majestic face, where beauty's found: He seems a mighty paragon of war, With such address he grasps the hostile spear. Flee,(16) brave commander of ships' spreading sail, From him that comes a tempest through the vale!"

XVIII.

"When fled I?" said the prince, "or when did all Wild war's impending dangers me appal?

Brown-shielded Swaran ne'er for terror fled: Nor will be shrink though war its horrors spread. Son of the little soul! thou'rt ever vile : But I who through the heaven's fierce tempests smile: I who the roaring main's inclement showers, And famous onsets stood; why yield to wars? But son of Arné, of most coward hand, With growing soul I'll summon Lochlan's band. Arise, my thousands, for the echoing field, Pour forth, like raging waves, the spear and shield-As billows rise when clouds a blast afford, Brave sons of Lochlan, gather round my sword! Strong as the rocks of our dear native land, Which all the fury of the storm withstand, And to the echoing winds their dark pines stretch, Resisting every gale that their heads catch!"

XIX.

Like autumn's tempests, coming from two hills,
Both armies rush on o'er the trembling vales.(17)
The adverse heroes tow'rd each other came,
And wildly raised the deathful spear of fame:
Like two swollen streams from lofty rocks descending,
And in the valley with a hoarse roar blending;

Loud, rough, and dark, the sons of Inisfal, And Lochlan met, more wild than Morven's gale! Chief mixes blows with chief, and man with man, Till through the hosts the clang of steel wide ran. Helmets are cleft on high. Blood bursts and smokes Around, as each redoubleth his fieree strokes: Strings murmur on the polished yews, as fly The gray-winged arrows, hissing, through the sky. Spears, splintered, fall around on every side, As nightly meteors o'er the mountain glide. As ocean's wild and loudly-roaring sound, When the high-tumbling billows roll around; As autumn's thunder-clouds, heard from afar, So fiercely rolled the awful din of war! Though Cormac's hundred bards were there to raise The baneful fight in song, weak were the praise Of even a hundred bards, with glowing rimes, To send the heroes' deaths to future times. For many wounds the spears of heroes gave ; In torrents flowed the heart's-blood of the brave.

XX.

Mourn, O ye sons of song, in tearful strains, Sitallin's fall, the stalworth of the plains! Heave thou, O Evir, thy fair, snowy breast, For valiant Ardan, who with fame was blest-By Swaran of the deathful hand they fell; Like two fair hinds that ranged on desert hill; When, 'midst tempestuous thousands, his tall form Roared like the shrill-voiced spirit of the storm, A ghost that sits in smoke, in mist arrayed, When bends the drowned seaman's pallid shade A look of woe upon the raging waves, And the grim spirit smiles on watery graves. Nor slept thy deadly hand on Lena's plains, Chief of the misty isle of gentle rains: (18) Thy sword was in the path of trophies; like A meteor, flashing death, which swift doth strike, And by its every movement poureth dread, When in the valley trembling souls fall dead, And, in the midst of life-o'erpowering haze, The lofty sides of echoing mountains blaze. Dusronnal, snorting, o'er the valiant stood, Sulin-Sifada bathed his hoof in blood. Behind the steeds we heaps of heroes find, Like groves laid prostrate by tempestuous wind On Cromla's desert hill: when the dark blast Along the whistling heath has fiercely past,

And, laden with the spirits of the night. Swift to the trembling mountain takes its flight.

XXI.

Weep o'er the rocks where tempest its howl keeps. O noble maiden of the Isle of ships! (19) Bend thy fair face above the azure sea, Thou that more beauteous than the spirit be That slow and gracefully ascendeth still, Like to a sun-beam on the distant hill. He early in the war-strewed battle fell; The gallant stripling of thy love is pale. Beneath the weapon of Cudúlin bold. But what has made thee now so wan and cold? He never shall again go forth to war, Nor shed the blood of nobles with his spear! Trenar, the youthful Trenar, death doth prove : No more, O maid, shalt thou behold thy love! His gray-dogs deeply howl at his door-post, As they with eyes of grief perceive his ghost : His bow, unstrung and bare, doth lie alone,-He utters 'midst strange skies his dying groan!

XXII.

As on the shore a thousand waves are thrown, The sea-borne Swaran moved his legions on, As 'gainst a thousand waves the stern rock bears, So Erin met the burst of Lochlin's spears. Death, hideously, his deep groans strews around; The clang of arms commixes with the sound. Mails, bucklers, broken spears the ground o'er-strew, The swords, above, are thunderbolts to view! From wing to wing extend the battle-cries, The bloody conflicts, deafening, hot, arise, As hundred hammers, striking wild, quick spread Successive sparks of metal flying red! But who are those on Lena's trembling heath, Who move on dark and wildly, clouds of death? Like two clouds pervious to the eastern beams, Each hero's sword a meteor o'er him gleams. The little hills around them troubled are: The moss-clad rocks to tremble now appear. Who are they but the king of Lochlan's soil, And the fame-clothed chief of Inisfal? Their hosts with anxious eyes now look askanee. To see the valiant heroes wield the lance. n

But night her clouds doth on the combat drive, And gray mist hides the undecided strife! (20)

XXIII.

Along the extended heath it was, that, ere The strife of heroes, Douglas heaped the deer, The early fortune youths in chase did kill, Before the sons of Erin left the hill. An hundred men the heath collect, and ten Awake the blazing flame, three-hundred men Choose smooth stones, which along the pit are placed ' An hundred more the venison dress'd in haste; And soon was seen a widely-smoking feast. (21) Then spake the noble chief, who no fear knows, The valiant hero Erin's monarch chose, (As, leaning on his gleaming spear, he rose,) To Fena's son, the soft-voiced bard of rhimes, To Carril, orator of former times:-"Why spread the pleasant feast for me alone, While Lochlan's king of daring feats has none? (22) On Erin's shore he no repast can bear, Far from the chief are Lochlan's coast and deer. Remote and vacant is his festive hall: The hero of the ocean hither call:

Let him come hither from the troubled waves,
Unto the feast that Erin's leader gives.
Let him here listen while the groves sound shrill
During the murky night, upon the hill.
Blustering and boisterous the gale doth flee,
That blows to Erin from his own blue sea:
Let him our tuneful harps' sweet warbling praise,
And hear our well-trained youths' melodious lays."

XXIV.

The mildly-speaking Carril past the fields,

And called the gallant leader of brown shields:

"Arise from off your skins of tusked boars;

Swaran, king of hills, arise on Erin's shores;

The joy of the soul-cheering feast and shell

Doth round the blue-eyed chief of Erin dwell."

He answered like the dull and hollow sound

Of Cromla, after winds awake around:

"Though all the maids of Erin came to show

Their polished arms, as white as fresh-fallen snow,

Their ever-heaving bosoms, high that move,

Their softly-rolling eyes, still beaming love;

Here Swaran would remain, as though he were

On pleasant Lochlan's thousand rocks and shore:

Here, till the rays of eastern climes shall come To light Cudúlin to his death and tomb! (23) Grateful to me the wind from Lochlan's shore. Which brings from echoing ocean this great roar, And, whizzing through the tall and mighty shrouds, Remindeth me of Swaran's matchless woods: The green-hued forests echoing Gormal bears, Where the gore floweth on the slaughtering spears: The gore of dark boars, frantic in their rage, Fierce as the steel-armed hero to engage! To Swaran let Mac-Shema tribute give; Blue-shielded Cormac's throne let me receive: If not, when they for further strife combine, Both hill and dale of Inisfal are mine." "Sad are the words," said Erin's ancient bard, "My ears from Swaran of brown shields have heard!" "His words are sad unto himself alone," (24) Answered the noble Sema's generous son. "Carril, now raise your mellow voice on high, And speak of generations long gone by: Let the long night in echoing song be spent; 'Midst grief let us with joy our souls content. Many a hero and a comely dame Have walked erewhile in Erin of bright fame !

crieasant the songs are of the heroes brave
Who upon Alban's echoing shores did live,
As sung by Ossian, son of tuneful lays,
Whene'er subsides the noise of the glad chase.
And the resounding heights of deer reply
To purling streams that through green Cona fly."

XXV.

EPISODE OF BRASSOLIS AND CRIMORE.

Said Carril, "In the days of older fame.

The stormy bands of ocean hither came;
A thousand ships from eastern sas reached strand
On verdant Ullin's green and streamy land. (25)
The gallant race of Inisfal arose
With vengeance to repel their northern foes.
Carber, stout champion, there was at his post,
And portly Crimore, fairest of the host;
They oft did for the snow-white bull contend,
That used on Gulben's mountain to ascend.
The better right each hero's mouth doth claim,
Death hovered round their blades of darkling aim;
But, side by side, in fight they were arrayed,
Till the invaders of the ocean fled.

Who more attachment than these great men bore—
Than noble Carber, and the fair Crimore?
'Twere well if they ne'er of the bull had heard,
On heathy Gulben's many-coloured sward!
Again the bull they on the hill behold,
Their heavy wrath returns now as of old.
On Lubar's grassy banks in strife they stood:
Alas, the stately Crimore fell in blood!

XXVI.

"Carber unto his festive hall repaired,
To Brassolis of voice that all hearts cheer'd—
His own most beauteous sister: but, alas!
The maid's song of the graceful Crimore was,
A youth for whom she love in secret bears:
He on the field was; she in pearly tears,
But still expecting his return from war,
To pledge his troth, as oft he'd done before.
From her deep-flowing robe appeared soon
Her heaving bosom, like the silver moon,
When to emerge her edge begins in night,
And creeps from darkness of her hue to light.
As tuneful as the harp her voice would stray,
As she, melodious, raised her plaintive lay.

Her softly-rolling eyes all light appear, They were of frosty heavens the fairest star! "When, hero, wilt thou come, in arms reveal'd?"____ "Take, Brassolis, said Carber, "take this shield, And hang it up that it rust's stain may shun: It is a trophy in the combat won." (26) Her tender heart throbbed: scarce she drew her breath: Her colour changed, and she flew to the heath; In death she found the hero of her pride: She fell beside him, and in sorrow died! Cudúlin, here now lie the fair and brave, This slender yew-tree groweth o'er their grave. Fair wast thou, Brassolis, upon the plains ; Graceful was Crimore, yea, above all swains! The bards will both, in verse that brightly glows, Remember while the tide of ocean flows." "Pleasant has Carril's voice to my ear strayed," The blue-eved chief of verdant Erin said ; Melodious, O bard, are thy flowing rimes, In harmony they speak of fame-clad times! A copious dew they are, that richness yields, When the bright sun beholds the grassy fields, And o'er the moving land the shadows go, The gentle breezes being soft and slow."

SONG TO BRAGALL.

- 1. The glowing harp, Mae-Fena, strike;*
 O Carril, praise my distant love,
 Sea-bound Dunscāieh's sun-beam, like
 The soft-eyed beauty of a dove!
 The lovely fair of snowy breast,
 Whom I in isle of heroes left,
 The modest, matchless spouse confest
 Of him who feels his soul bereft!
- 2. Mac-Shema's spouse, dost thou thy face, Thy sweet face lift now from the rock, Cudúlin's snow-white sails to trace Where ocean flies the gale's wild shock? Naught seest thou but the naked sea, The foam is not thy hero's ships! Now quit the rock, night falls on thee, The blast around thy fair head weeps!
- 3. From doubtful field I'll ne'er return, While showers on the vale we find, O Carril, while for her I mourn, Let battle's tales restore my mind!

^{*} Cudúlin speaks.

The beauty of the golden locks,

Of far-famed Sorglan's noble race,

Whose tender heart my absence shocks,

From my fond soul naught can displace!

XXVII.

But slow to speak, brave Connal thus replied, (27) "A watch on ocean's strangers now provide; Place thou a watchful guard in yonder grove, Close to observe if Swaran thro' night move. Cudúlin! still is Connal's soul for peace, Till here from hilly Alban's woody face Come valiant heroes, with brave Fingal's spear, The first of conquerors in the strife of war!" As signal he the shield struck with his lance; The armed watch immediately advance. The host lay down, upon the heath reclined, Beneath a sharp and starry night of wind. The ghosts of champions slain, in misty shrouds, Were hovering round the fields in gloomy clouds; And far on Lena's silent plain of heath, Arose at times the fearful shricks of death !

FINGAL.

CANTO II.

SYNOPSIS.

The ghost of Crugal, one of the slain, appears to Connal, and advises him to flee from the scene of destruction with which the following day would visit the Irish army. Connal repairs to Cuddilin, whom he awakens, and solicits either to make terms with Swaran, or to retire. Cuddilin treats the vision of Crugal as a mere fantasy, and directs Connal to arouse the Irish army. Morning arrives, and the host prepares for action. Swaran advances with his forces. He sends an ambassador, to propose degrading terms of peace. They are rejected. Carril sings the battle-song; they encounter; and a terrible slaughter ensues. The Irish give way. They halt on mount Cromla, Cuddilin covering their retreat. Moran arrives with the joyful intelligence that the fleet of Fingal is on the coast. Night arrives. Cuddilin relates the episode of Dedgal and Ferde; Carril that of Comal and Galvin.

I.

Connal reposed beside a sounding stream;
Beneath a leafless oak he dreamed a dream,
Against a stone with green moss overspread
The valiant guide of chiefs reclined his head.
Amidst his sable covering of heath,
He heard a warning voice—a voice from death.
Apart from those he to the war-field brought,
Now lay the man of weapons, fearing naught.

Amid his sleep, there burst on his mind's sight A fiery stream, descending from the height. Upon the beam sat Crugal, pale and gory, (1) A youthful hero that had fallen in glory: By sea-borne Swaran was the hero slain, Amidst the mighty conflict of the plain. His face was like to moon-beams over rills; His dress was of the dark clouds of the hills; Like living coals his red eyes gleamed around; And in his breast there was a ghastly wound.

H.

"Crugal," said Connal of undaunted breast,
"Son of brave Gegal from the mountain's crest,
Why comest thou so pale from battle's fields,
So sad, thou fearless breaker of the shields?
O Crugal, terror never changed thy hue,
This altered aspect what has given you?"
Though dimly seen, still bursting into tears,
He stretched his huge hand o'er the chief of spears,
And faintly raised the feeble voice of death,
Like wind on Lego's lake,(2) or withered heath:

III.

"My soul, O Connal, on the hills doth fly;
My corpse on blood-strew'd Erin's strand doth lie:
Never, O prince of valour, as before,
Shall we converse: I walk the plains no more!
Like blast on Cromla, now, in misty shroud,
I seem a shadow cast forth from a cloud.
O Connal, son of Colgar, I again
Behold a multitude of slaughtered men:
Yea, I a heap of slain on Lena see;
Destroyed by thousands Erin's sons shall be!
Leave straightway, worthy chief, the deathful fray,
Quit war's disastrous field without delay!"

IV.

"Stay," said the veteran Connal, now suspend
Thine airy course, my faithful, dark-red friend:
O lay, gigantic shade, that beam aside,
Say, in what hall thy spirit doth reside?
Stay, son of Cromla's wind, who ne'er shalt cope
With war; now seek some mountain's verdant slope.
In what lone cave dost thou thy rest now keep?
Where, Crugal, dost thou softly lie to sleep?

Wilt thou not in the tempest be revealed.

Amidst the din that rolleth from the field?

When shall thy rapid gestures be seen with

The airy forms, on the hill's face of heath?"

V.

The mildly-speaking Connal now arose,
Swift in his arms, toward the prince he goes;
He makes the shield of Sema's son rebound,
The gallant leader started at the sound.
"Wherefore," exclaimed the hero of the car,
"Doth the hard-smiting Connal here repair?
From my uplifted spear should Connal fall,
Beloved chief, it would torment my soul!
Speak, son of Crugal, who great fame hast won,
To me thy counsel's like the shining sun."

VI.

"Mac-Shema, through the darkness of the night, Crugal to me from his cave bent his flight. I on the stars through his thin phantom gazed, As feebly to mine ears his words he raised: His words of death an awful message gave; His speech, O Erin's chief, presaged the grave!

Seek peace, O gallant hero, instantly, Or over Lena flee now from the sea!" Connal heard the spectre's voice, proclaiming death, And heaps of heroes, slain on Lena's heath!" The ever-valiant son of Sema said. "Though stars were seen to glimmer through the shade, Mac-Colgar, who desirest peace to bind, Thou hast heard nothing but the empty wind; Or else of brawling brooks the empty noise. But if most truly Crugal raised his voice, Why didst not thou his presence hither erave ? But didst thou question him about his cave? Why didst thou not, while he before thee glowed, Seek the aërial wanderer's abode? Words might have been extorted by the sword, Even all the knowledge that he could afford: But small the knowledge, Connal, small, I say His information: he was here to-day; Slow were his steps: weak was he since he fell, Then who to his ear could of our deaths tell?"

VII.

"Ghosts travel on the clouds with wide-spread glance," Said Connal, who exalted was for sense,(3)

"The brave deceased high-travel on the wind, But sometimes are in mountain-caves reclined. In their repose they converse oft maintain Of the dim future, and the deaths of men." "And let them of our deaths speak in their pride; Fright all but him who Erin's sons doth guide. The son of Sema ne'er from Swaran flies. If I must fall, my grassy tomb shall rise Beside the dashing waves, with glowing songs, Recording that I ne'er shunn'd steel-elad throngs. The hunter shall in grief shed copious tears, While Bragáll's anguish'd soul dark sorrow wears. The lovely white-armed dame shall pour the tear. I fear not death, but, chief, to fly I fear ! Fingal has seen me victor among chiefs. But, shadowy spirit of the pointed cliffs, Now show thyself to me without delay; Upon a beam of heaven direct thy way. But though in thy hand I my doom should see, Yet I will not from Loehlan's monarch flee! Thou ghastly, weak, and unsubstantial form, Not all thy words Cudúlin can alarm! Mac-Colgar, rise with potent arm, and yield A loud alarm now from my painted shield.

Between two spears it hangs before thine eyes:

And let the valiant warriors straight arise;
In Erin's conflicts let them be combined,
Though Fingal slow be from the land of wind.
Let us, O Connal, courage true afford,
Even though we perish by the foeman's sword! (4)

VIII.

Around, wide-spreading fled the echoing sound The valiant warriors rose, in bright steel bound, As break the dark-blue waves, in varied form, When angry ocean rages in a storm.

They, numerous, on the purple heath now stood, Like oaks with all the produce of the wood, When from the north-east blows a freezing gale, And the dry foliage rustleth through the vale. On Cromla's sides the clouds now became gray. And on the edge of ocean trembled day.(5)

Blue mist, along the hills, swam on the gale, And darkly hid the host of Inisfal.

IX.

"Rise quickly, as my morning signal's made," The gallant captain of the brown shields said.

"Rise, valiant sons of sea-layed Lochlan, rise, Retiring Erin from the mountain flies. Through Lena's vale the cravens now pursue, Till we the host of Erin quite subdue. To Cormac's house go, Malay, and let them Yield to a victorious Swaran's arm of fame: Ere by his sword they to the grave fall low, And there through Erin spread the tale of woe." Like swarm of sea-fowls from the main, they rose, When sweeping billow on the white strand flows: The host now sounded like a thousand rills, Which in beloved Cona's land of hills Meet in the rugged dell, and burst from night, Into the dazzling sun's resplendent light. As moves a dusky gloom of darkling shade, Which on calm autumn's hazy field is spread, So gloomy, dark, moved on green Erin's foe, Innumerous Lochlan's legions, still and slow. Like chafed boar upon a mountain's brow. In arms advanced the king of ocean now. A shield upon the hero's side appear'd, Like meteor upon the hill's slope rear'd, When silent is the world, and dark and void, The storm expecting, which has oft destroyed: E 3

The traveller, trembling, with his eyes askance, At frowning ghost behind the beam doth glance. The clouded mount is now seen from afar, And the tall oaks, that on it grow, appear: Quick from the echoing ocean came a blast, And quite removed the slowly-settled mist; Erin's intrepid sons the chief perceives, Like gray cliffs gleaming 'mid the oar-cut waves, When far beyond his ken the mariner strays, And sad is he, because the sky changed has! "Morlay, proceed in haste," says Lochlan's king, "And proffer'd peace unto the worsted bring: Yonder they are upon the mountain's face, Offer them the terms that we grant in grace, To kings who bow their heads beneath our sword, When heroes fall, and maidens grief afford." Tall Morlay, son of Sador, with speed came To Erin's captain, who sought death or fame. The noble prince the haughty word receives, 'Midst an assembly of his mighty chiefs: "Take peace from Swaran, and give tribute," said The warrior of rough speech: "the peace that's made By kings that of our swords the tokens bear, When slaughtered are their vanquished bands in war. Yield Erin, where both streams and greens appear, Thy lovely wife, and slim dog of the deer-Fair Bragáll whose white breast the snow outvies, And Luat that more fleet than swift wind flies. These things surrendering, to the hero give : Weak is thine arm, therefore submit and live."(6) Said Sema's son, "To haughty Swaran tell. I never yielded, and I never will. I'll give the ocean to the chief of waves; Or to his warriors, if in Erin, graves! Nay, heaven forbid, that day should ever come When my bright love shall make the north her home! And ne'er from Luat, of the feet of wind, On Lochlan's hills of chase shall fly a hind." "O foolish ruler of the ear, the king Of Lochlan strong is as the tempest's wing! His fleet (from his own forests) quickly can Remove the isle for which the strife began: So little is the verdant Erin worth. In wrath to ocean's monarch of the north!" So spake the herald. Erin's chief replied, "In words I yield to Morlay, and in pride; But with his sword Cudúlin yields to none; Long as I live, shall Cormac fill the throne!

Connal, thou bravest among valiant bands,
From Morlav thou hast heard the king's demands;
I know for peace thy soul ne'er honour yields:
What sayest thou now, strong ruler of the shields?
O Crugal's airy shade, son of the heath,
Thou needest not to frighten me with death:
I'll gladly make the lightless house mine own,
My spirit solaced by songs of renown!
Take up, ye race of Erin, for the fight,
Each massy spear and arrow of swift flight;
Let Lochlan's dark invaders hence be driven,
As if by spirits from the lofty heaven."

XI.

Then, shouting, dark, grim-looking, close, the men Of Erin marched along the shaded plain; Like mist within a vale of deepest gloom, When echoing tempest suddenly doth come On tranquil sunny fields; in arms went on Renown'd Cudúlin, prop of Cormac's throne. As ghost of heaven before a cloud appears, Clothed with a fiery robe of meteors, With devastation to lay waste the land, Bearing each mighty wind in his huge hand.(7)

Aloft stood tuneful Carril in the grove, He sounds the echoing trumpet from above; Then fires the spirits of the martial throng With strains of the inflaming battle-song.

THE BATTLE-SONG.

- Where lieth Crugal's manly form?
 Thou art stretched lifeless on the ground!
 Thy new-built house no shell doth warm;
 Sad, tearful, thy loved wife is found
 A stranger in the mournful hall,
 Eternally to weep thy fall!
- 2. But who is that upon the heath, Before the gloomy foe a light? Who but Dogréna, pale as death, The fair-neck'd spouse of Crugal's might? Her loose hair on the wind doth fly; Shrill is her voice and red her eye!
- 3. Crugal lies pale on path of deer, In some dark cave abides his shade, In nightly rest he seeks mine ear, His weak and hollow voice is spread, Like bee around a stone that hums, Or buzzing fly when twilight comes.

4. But fair Dogréna down is east, Like Ardven's cloud in summer morn: Λ sword of Lochlan pierced her breast; The love of many chiefs is torn! Thy darling, Carber, now lies dead, The blooming bough of youth has fled!

When Carber heard the soul-appalling tale. He rushed along the war-field like a whale. He saw his charming daughter lying dead, And straightway dashed on thro' the host with speed. His blade encounters Lochlan's blood-stained sons ; From wing to wing the flame of battle runs. As many winds in a great forest fly, When Lochlan's hills their tall trees wave on high; Like many fires in lofty pine-woods' steeps, In separate mountains in the land of ships; So loud, and mangled, numerous and vast, The van of Lochlan 'neath the steel are east. Cudúlin hewed down men like thistles; and Erin was sinking under Swaran's hand. Cruach fell by the king's unsparing blade, And valiant Carber by his steel lay dead. Morlath sleeps in his ever-lasting rest; In death, thou, fearless Coilté, gasped hast;

Thy snowy bosom deep is stained with gore,

Thy yellow locks spread on green Erin's shore.

Yea, in the very spot where he is laid,

The hero often his glad feast had spread:

There he oft made the mellow harp resound.

When his exulting gray-dogs bark'd around,

And of the narrow vale the youths prepare

The bow for slaughter of the nimble deer.

The valiant Swaran on through Erin thrills,

Like raging torrent of the desert hills.

When yield the banks before its echoing course,

And carns strew the vale amid its course.

The brave Cudúlin fearless stood before

The king of ships, like tall, cloud-capt Crochmore:

Around whose head the winds of heaven contend,

And round its sides the lofty fir-trees bend,

While rattling hail-stones on its dark sides beat;

But firmly stands the rock in strength complete,

And from the dreadful fury of the gale

Doth calmly shelter Cona's tranquil vale.

So did the dauntless son of Sema glow,

To screen the hosts of Erin from the foe:

As gurgling rills from mountain-springs that gush,

So spouting blood around the chief doth rush;

But Erin sunk in the disastrous field,

As snows on heath beneath warm sun-beams yield.

XII.

"Ye sons of Erin," pale-faced Crumal said. "In fierce pursuit doth Lochlan onward sped: Why stand like feeble reeds against a surge? To the deer's height your rapid flight now urge!" Like stag in wilderness, away he hied, His spear, as 'twere a staff, trails by his side. But few did in the panic thus proceed, With base-born Crumal of the dastard deed: Round Lena's heathy rock their blood did flow; There fell the brave, contending with the foe. Upon the bright ear of transparent stones, Appeared on high the chief of Erin's sons: The warriors of the north before him fall. As he address'd the generous Connal: "O Connal, first of men in war's alarm, Who trained to deeds of death Cudúlin's arm, (9) Though Erin's race has fled, we'll still maintain The conflict, and immortal glory gain. Carril, to yonder mount conduct my friends, Where strong position against foes defends,

Stand thou, O Connal, near Cudúlin's sword, That we our people's path from loss may guard." Connal leaped quickly on the splendid car; Aloft the heroes their broad bucklers bear. Like to the darkened moon in gloom of night, Proud sister of the constellations' light, When from the east she slowly travels, dun, And evil change along men's minds doth run.(10) Sulin-Sifada struggled up the steep, Dusronnal of fleet pace sure steps doth keep. Around them moved with cautious glance the band (Like waves around a whale) of Lochlan's land. Upon the lofty-sided Cromla's brow, Distant and sad, stood Erin's dark sons now, Like forests burn'd down to the stocks, beneath A rapid nightly wind of scorehing breath, Dark, shrunk, and far-apart they stand around, While not a leaflet in the breeze doth sound. Cudúlin sat beneath an ancient oak, With sorrowful eye: no word the hero spoke. His spreading hair upon the wind expands, When ocean's scout before the hero stands, Moran, the son of Fili tuneful bard, Exclaimed, "The fleet, the fleet has now appeared! Yea, from the spacious land of mountains dark,
The peerless Fingal leads them in his bark:
The breaker of brown shields before them glows,
And flaming billows are around his prows:
The masts with sails are like a mountain-grove,
On which the white clouds in vast numbers move."

Soxe.

- O breezes blow, your breath extending From the charming misty land;
 Over the sea the proud fleet sending,
 With the king of deathful hand.
- To death of thousands art thou coming,
 Renowned king of Morven's shore,
 To me, my friend, thy sails are roaming,
 Like morning's beams from heaven that pour:
- Thy fleet is like an heavenly light,
 Thyself a mighty meteor
 That shines afar through dusky night,
 And omens to the world doth bear!

O Connal, counsellor of the drooping chief, How grateful to the soul are friends in grief! The night, dark-gathering around, appears, And now we wait the new-moon and the stars, Where, where, O Fingal, are thy gleaming ships?

Amidst the gloom suspense o'er our hearts creeps!"

XIII.

The echoing storm now came down on the wood, The cascades of the mountains roared aloud: On Cromla's heath, the rain in floods descended, The red stars thro' the clouds their deep rays blended. Upon a rock 'neath which a brook doth boom, Sat Erin's mighty leader in his gloom. Connal Mac-Colgar at his hand appears, And Carril, who with songs of glory cheers. "Cudúlin! on thy hand grief doth await!" Said fair Mac-Shema of bright prowess great: "Unhappy, O Cudúlin, is thy hand, (11) Since thou in darkling fight hast slain thy friend. O Ferde, the generous son of Amun, love I did in truth for thee, a hero, prove." "Wherefore, Mac-Shema, why, Cudúlin, fell The breaker of the brown shields by thy steel? A bloom of odour to my memory is The noble Amun's son," brave Connal says. "Tall was the youth, and beautiful his hue, Like to the rain-bow of the heavens to view."

EPISODE OF DEDGAL AND FERDE.

"Hither from Alban of extended hills,
Came Ferde, the worthy lord of many vales.
In Muri's halls he learn'd the bow to bend;
And he became my most familiar friend;
I, with the hero, chas'd hinds to the death,
And we together lay upon the heath.
Fair Dedgal was brave Carber's beauteous spouse;
He lord of Ardven's plains in Ullin was.*
The light of beauty did her lot abide,
But her dark soul the dwelling was of pride!
Her faithless heart was to the young Ferde joined:
She loved Mac-Amun of the noblest mind.

- 'Carber,' the dame of softest hand now said,
- 'Let fair division of the herd be made:
- 'Vain man, thy hall I quit to fly from care; Therefore, to Dedgal give a perfect share.'
- 'Then let the just Mac-Shema,' Carber saith
- 'The herd divide between us on the heath,
- 'Though graceful steps and beauty's smiles you bear,
- 'Soul of deceit, let me see thee no more!
- ' Mac-Shema's soul doth faithfulness pursue:
- 'Justice he'll act: Fair branch of pride adieu!'
 - * There was another Ardven in Caledonia.

I went; the herd I portioned: on the plain A snow-white bull, unfellowed, did remain. I gave this bull to Carber. Wrath arose in Dedgal's bosom, and we thence were foes.

- 'Mac-Amun,' softly said the dame, 'the foul
- 'Injustice of Cudúlin pains my soul.
- 'Of his death I must hear, O chief, or I
- 'Will lifeless in the bed of Lubar lie!
- 'My ghost shall to thy restless eyes still glide,
- 'Mine anger shall with thee, beloved, abide.
- ' Do thou cut off Cudúlin, gallant youth.
- ' Or Dedgal, disgraced, perish must in truth.'
 - 'White-hand,' the youth said, with the softest breath,
- Why should I put great Sema's son to death?
- 'Cudúlin is thy own Ferde's bosom friend:
- 'Why, fair one, should I slay him with this hand?'
 Three days her eyes did tears in torrents yield;
 Upon the fourth, the youth took up his shield.
- 'I with my friend will fight with downcast soul,
- 'But I, perhaps, shall be the first to fall.
- 'Could I behold, when, wandering, I come
- 'Upon the heath, Cudúlin's dreary tomb?'
 We fought on Muri's field; our keen blades strive

Wounds to avoid, and to our helms blows give;

Our shields of dark-blue boss the steel defy, While Dedgal's treacherous self stood, grinning nigh. She hastily thus said into Ferde's ear,

- 'Weak in thy grasp, O youth's the gleaming spear!
- 'Steel, I now see, suits not thy tender age:
- 'The victory yield to him thou didst engage.
- 'The brave Mac-Shema smiles at battle's shock :
- 'The chief is like eternal Malmor's rock!'

 Tears started from his eyes, as he appealed,

To me, and said, 'Cudúlin, raise thy shield!

- ' Defend thyself, O hero, for it would
- 'My soul grieve, mighty man, to shed thy blood!"

I sighed as doth a blast within a cave;

My sharp-edged steel rose high against the brave.

The light of battle fell! in darkling gloom

Ferde, gallant hero, lieth in the tomb!

Unhappy is Cudúlin's arm in truth,

Since it, alas! has slain the manly youth.

Said Carril, "Chief, whose car sweeps war's strew'd plains,

Sad is the tale of thine elegiac strains.

My emulating soul it now hath roll'd

Back to past times, to days that were of old.

EPISODE OF GALVIN AND COMAL. (12)

The tale of Comal oft has met mine ear, Who pierced the friend that to his heart was dear. Yet bright success upon his arms attended When warring heroes in wild strife contend. Comal a native was of Alban's land. The lord who did on many hills command. From out a thousand streamlets drank his deer, On thousand mountains they his dogs could hear. Mild as a virgin's was his face; his arm Was strong in battle as a mighty storm: Around a peerless maid the chief's soul coils, Comluch's fair daughter, of the cups and spoils. 'Mongst women she a sun-beam was of heaven;" Her jetty locks were blacker than the raven; Swift at the chase of hinds fly her fleet hounds, Upon the mountains shrill her bow-string sounds. On Comal dwelt her thoughts in house or grove; And often met their swimming eyes in love. Swiftly their hands were joined on the hill: Sweet whispers from their lips in secret steal, But Grumal, lord of cloudy Ardven's grove, Was Comal's rivel for fair Galvin's love.

The maiden's course he watched when alone, And sought to rend her from great Tradal's son. One day returning weary from the chase, When mist from friends' eyes screened each lover's face, Brave Comal and the gentle damsel came To Ronan's cave, beside where dark floods stream. The haunt of Comal from the chase it was, There hung his arms, the pride of other days: A hundred rustless shields hung brightly there, A hundred helmets, tempered for the war. "Rest here," exclaimed the youth of softiest mien, "Rest, Galvin, fairest daughter of the plain! The seldom here, thou art my bosom's light: I see a bounding deer upon the height; I go, my love, but let not thy soul mourn, For quickly to my Galvin I'll return." "I dread the foe," the charming maid replied, " I dread inglorious Grumal's soul of pride: Dear to the dark-brown chief is Ronan's cave. I'll tarry 'midst the armour of the brave, Till thy return." He went to Mora's deer. To try what love the chief for her did bear, She clothed herself in arms a youth once bore. And went, with hurried pace, towards the shore.

The chief of Alban saw a hero glow In shining steel, and thought it was his foe. To throb against his side his heart began, The chieftain's ruddy colour turned to wan: A dusky dimness seized upon his sight; The twanging bow he drew with all his might: Straight flew the arrow with its barb of steel: In blood the Galvin of his soul's love fell! With aspect wild, towards her were his steps; He called thy daughter, Comluch, king of ships! No answer from the hill or mount returns, While thus the son of deathless heroes mourns: "Where art thou, lovely maid, amid thy rocks? Thou charming fair one of the heavy locks?" Her heart was mean-while faintly-throbbing, and Her blood flow'd round the dart that left his hand (13) He cried out, "Galvin! was it you I struck?" And straightway sunk upon the virgin's neck. A hunter, who by chance had wandered there, Beside the dark-stream found the hapless pair.

[&]quot;Dark were the days he to his lost love gave, Many his steps around the maiden's grave.

From northern regions came a hostile fleet:
Undauntedly he the invaders met.

Throughout the host he pallid death did seek,
But who the steel of Trenmore's race could break?

At length when on the earth his shield was cast,
A merciless arrow found his faithful breast.

By Galvin's side now sleeps the king of men,
Where raging winds contend upon the main.

Of both, the mariner beholds the graves,

As in his bark he bounds o'er heaving waves."

FINGAL.

CANTO III.

SYNOPSIS.

At the request of Cudúlin, Carril continues his songs. The bard relates the adventures of Fingal in Lochlan, and the murder of Aganceca by her father. The dawn arrives. Calmar comes, and informs them that he heard the Scandinavians advancing. He advises them to retire, and offers singly to oppose the enemy. Cudúlin insists on sharing in the daring attempt. Calmar dies. Swaran, perceiving the Caledonian fleet, returns to oppose Fingal. Cudúlin, ashamed to appear before the king of Morven, after his defeat, withdraws to Cromla. The Caledonians and the Scandinavians engage. The former conquer. Fingal commends and counsels Oscar. The latter is sent, with Fillan, to observe the enemy during the night. Goul requests the chief command in the next battle. Fingal grants his request.

T.

"PLEASING the words of tuneful melody,
Mac-Fena!" said Cudúlin, "are to me;
Pleasing the tales of times no longer seen,
Like balmy dew of morning's hour serene,
Upon the groves and heights of bounding roe,
When from the east the sun is rising slow,
Along the silent slopes of mountains gray;
And the far lake her smooth breast doth display,

So blue and tranquil is the shining vale;
Then, soft-voiced Carril, let not thy lips fail:
Again, Mac-Fena, raise thy mellow voice,
The tale that in my hall did us rejoice,
When Fingal of the never-fractured shield
Glowed at his fathers' deeds, to my ear yield."

H.

Episode of Aganecca. (1)

"Fingal, thou dweller among fights," repeats
Sweet Carril, "many are thy martial feats:
By thy wrath low was sea-washed Lochlan laid,
When thou cheek bare hadst, as a youthful maid.
When they his unfledged face and chin beheld,
In pride they at the youthful hero smiled.
But by his hand in battle flowed their blood,
His strength was like the heathy Loira's flood;
Like thousand streams his dreadful heroes were,
With flaming swords around their chief in war.
They captured Lochlan's king on Morven's steep,
But in their grace restored him to his ship.
Rage swelled his savage heart; and death doth roll—
The death of Fingal in dark Starné's soul.

For Starné ever had in conflict shone, None conquered him, but Comal's matchless son. The chief of stranger-land of highest wood, Alone sat in his hall, 'midst pride's dark flood. At length he sent for gray-haired Snivan, when (2) Thus softly spake with guile the chief of men: (Snivan who chanted his dark ineantations, Round Lodin's altar, on its hill of nations; When ghostly pillar heard his words, they said The flight in conflict of his friends was stay'd:) "Snivan of hoary locks," said Frodal's son, The leader of the troops in bucklers brown, "To Ardven's hills preceed; to Morven's land; To Selma, laved by waves that wide-expand: Tell thou to noble Fingal, king of spears. The brightest hero Alban knows in wars. That I will place now, for the hero's choice, A lovely maiden of melodious voice, Whose polished arm is white as snow, or foam That on the waves' contending face doth roam. Mild is the soul of Lochlan's dark-haired fair, Let Selma's monarch quiekly here repair. Let the' unconquer'd hero, in his ships, Come for the damsel of the secret steps."

The gray-haired Snivan came to Morven's land; Fingal departed with a steel-clad band: The hero's burning soul before him flew. The long-haired damsel of the north to view. "All hail," said Starné to great Selma's king ; "Welcome the heroes he doth with him bring. Race of the regions of the lofty hills, For three days festive pleasure this hall fills. Gladly let all the hero's steel-clad throng Partake the feast, and hear the glowing song. Three days shall pleasant chase the Albin's cheer, (3) Amongst fieree boars, and swiftly-bounding deer, Through hill and dale, O king, pursue the chase: The beauteous maid will surely hear your praise, As she sits lonely in her secret place." His cruel soul the hero's death designed, While he to them the shell and feast consigned. But Selma's king the tyrant's wrath did fear, He therefore kept his arms and trusty spear. Therefore the men of death were struck with dread, And from the eye of Selma's brave king fled. The glowing voice of mirth was raised around:

They heard of chiming chords the pleasant sound(4)

Of glorious war the poets sing, and of The noble Fingal's white-armed maid of love. Ullin, the orator of Morven's king, The tuneful minstrel he did with him bring, The maid of Lochlan praised in glowing strains, And the exalted chief of Alban's plains. The maid of Loehlan heard the voice of fame, And to them from her secret chamber came, In all her beauty, as the moon unshrouds Her young face from the mantle of her clouds. Her loveliness array'd her as a light; As music's strains the fair-one's steps were bright. The modest maid on Fingal cast an eye, She saw him fair, and slowly heaved a sigh; A secret gaze the damsel's blue eye bore Upon the king of gray-hilled Morven's shore. The third day, when the early beams of east Were on the wood of boars with shining cast, The dark-browed Starné went with all his hounds. And Fingal, here of the shields and wounds. The half the day in chase of dark boars glow'd; The spear of Selma's king was bathed in blood. Fair Aganecea reached the king of spears, Her blue eye streaming with a flood of tears;

With tender voice the lovely virgin came Unto the dauntless prince of Morven's fame. "Fingal, the race of kings of power and pride-In wrathful Starne's hand do not confide. His host, for hours, in ambuscade have stood In yonder mount, in arms, beneath you wood. Avoid, O king, the wood where death's band moves; O hero from the pleasant land of groves; Remember the white-hand of chiefs," she said, "Save from her sire thine own white-bosom'd maid, O king of sea-bound Morven!" He went on, With unconcern the youth sought his renown. His steel-clad warriors to his side he drew, And all the men of treachery soon slew. The hills of heathy Gormal echoed far, Beneath the voice of chase, and cries of war. The people gathered from the chase around The festive hall that was with pleasure crown'd. The cruel Starné came in with his spear; His sable brows like clouds on waves appear; His eyes like meteors of heaven are red, With heartless smile the savage tyrant said: "Come hither, Aganecca, smooth of speech, (5) Not vainly didst thou favour'd Fingal teach.

Safely the king of Morven braved the wood; His hands are stained with our people's blood!" She came, but swollen were her tearful eyes, Her gentle bosom heaving heavy sighs: Loose are her beauteous locks, her soft breast seems White as the snow of lofty-falling streams. Her heartless father pierced her side with steel! Like wreath of snow upon the ground she fell, Which from the heathy Lelac's steep doth bound, When dusky hills afar yield trembling sound-While every gleaming wood and height is still, And babbling echo swims along the vale. Fingal his quick glance on his heroes throws, In arms the men of Morven promptly rose. They fought like billows struggling in a storm: Lochlan was routed in the fierce alarm. The prince of Selma took the pale-hued maid, The fair of gentlest mind that for him bled. He launched his fleet upon the billowy main: Her rising tomb is seen in Ardven's plain; The stormy surges of the ocean roam With lofty heads around her lightless home. " All joy attend thy fair soul on the wind!"

Cudúlin of the valiant arm rejoined-

"All hail to Erin's sweet and soft-voiced bard,
And to the hero whose praise we now heard.
How mighty Fingal in his youth appear'd!
How dreadful in his old age is his sword!
Lochlan shall by his prowess fall again:
The chief of woody vales, the first of men!
O moon, from clouds now show thy visage bright,
The sails of Morven's valiant king to light:
If any mightier spirit of heaven that flits
Wide thro' the azure sky, at present sits
On yonder vapour—turn away his fleet
From rocks, and shoals, and dangers it may meet.
Yes; thou that sittest on the lofty storms,
The noble prince now shield from all alarms!"

TT.

Thus spake the gallant chief of Erin's war,
Amidst the echo of the torrent's roar.
The wounded Calmar, leaning on his spear,
Pallid from battle came, but not with fear!
Weary from fighting was the hero's hand,
But strongly did his towering soul expand!
"Welcome Mac-Matas," Connal to him said,
"Welcome art thou to friends thy hand doth aid.

Why did the bursting sigh from thee appear? Renowned Mac-Matas, thou didst never fear!" "No, Connal, and Mac-Matas never will, O gallant hero of the sharpest steel! In war doth Calmar's soul its warm pride trace; I joy in strife: I'm of a warlike race: No dread could hundreds to my sires prescribe: Cormar the first was of all Calmar's tribe : He loved to view the billows from the cliff, And danntless sailed in his dark-bosom'd skiff. Proud was the hero, towering was his mind, While he press'd on the swift wings of the wind. A spirit once disturbed the night with gales, The cliffs loud-echo, and the ocean swells: Winds drove the clouds till sea the blue sky laves; And meteors lit the purple face of waves. The hero trembled, and for the shore steer'd; But he became ashamed because he fear'd, And straightway to the deep returned again, To seek the raging spectre of the main. Three youths his vessel steer'd; aloft he stood. And with sharp sword in hand the gray mist view'd. He for the dusky mist on ship's haunt made, And with his shining weapon sought the shade.

As he toward the ghostly form approached, The aërial spirit from his bold hand crouched. And when he from the ocean's face was clear'd, Quickly the stars and tranquil moon appear'd.(5) Bold as my sires am I, when dangers rove: Calmar, O chief, is worthy of the brave! For danger the uplifted weapon flies, The bold are they that ever win the prize! (7) But, O ye sons of Inisfal's desire, From Lena's bloody heath with speed retire. What now survives in a bold phalanx close, Beneath thine arm, O prince of stern heroes: I heard fierce Lochlan in his arms advance. Let Calmar meet the conflict with his lance: My voice shall loud be as resounding storms: They'll think that thousands have come forth in arms. Do thou, Mae-Shema, only think on me: Of lifeless Calmar let remembrance be. When Morven's king has conquer'd on the field, By stone my name unto fresh ages yield: Let future generations hear, and own Of famous Calmar's glory and renown. His mother, from the mountain-pass with jov. Shall view his tomb, that proudly meets the eye."

III.

"Mac-Matas," said the chief, "I never left Thee to the foe; nor shalt thou be bereft! I in the perils of dark war delight: I never fled, nor now will shun the fight. Connal, and Carril of the times of old, Conduct across the heath the heroes bold, Green Erin's dauntless sons of famous feats, Whose souls to war return amidst retreats. When din of battles shall subside again, Ye shall find lifeless on the gory plain Two champions that in fight together fell Amid the shock of thousands' pointed steel. Mac-Fili, of the bounding steps, now flee Over dark Lena to the echoing sea: Let Morven's hero hither come with speed, To succour Erin in her utmost need. As the sun, when the storm has past the plain, With renewed light revives the hearts of men."

IV.

Now gray morn on the heath of Cromla creeps; From waves to hills moved the sons of ships, Calmar stood 'gainst the warriors of the plain, Alas, his mighty spirit burned in vain! Wan did the dauntless hero's hue appear; He rested, fainting, on his father's spear: The massy spear he brought from distant glen, From verdant Lara of the valiant men, When his afflicted mother's soul was sad, Lovely Acleda in deep sorrow laid! The hero grasped the spear, but slowly sunk, Like tree that to the tempest yields its trunk. Lone in the conflict brave Cudúlin stands, A gleaming rock that towereth on the sands: A rock o'er which the echoing ocean strides, The frigid billows raging on its sides; Around its lofty neek the spray is white, The cliffs resounding from the heath-brown height.

v.

From vapour gray, in noisy waves now spring The white-sailed ships of Schma's deathful king: The fleet o'er which proud Fingal his flag easts, Tall as the dusky wood its towering masts, Which nod alternate, as each gliding ship Up billows climbing, boundeth o'er the deep.

Swaran from haunt of wild goats saw the fleet, And from pursuit of Erin makes retreat. As rolls the ocean from the shore and dales Of the resounding hundred isles of whales; So loud, and fierce, so wide, immense the king Of Lochlan doth his tribes 'gainst Fingal bring. But stooping, tearful, sad and slow, the chief Of Erin's heroes his course takes in grief, Toward a distant wood, to which he hies, Like to a fire, upblazing ere it dies. While moves Cudúlin of unbending mind, He drags his lengthy ashen spear behind: The hero mourned his friends whom he beheld In death's cold sleep upon the battle-field, And of great Selma's king the glance, with fear, He thinks, which often greeted him from war.

VI.

"Many my slaughtered heroes now are seen, Of Erin's chiefs, of gallant, graceful mien! They who did jovial in my glad hall dwell, Where rose the sound of the inspiring shell: Never again shall their proud steps be found Upon the heathy hills of showers to sound;

Their voices at the chase I ne'er shall hear, Beside the streams of swiftly-bounding deer! For silent, pale, and low the sleep that bends Around the darkness of Mac-Shema's friends! O airy forms of those that lie in death, Meet sad Cudúlin on the silent heath. When Tura's tree beneath the gale doth sound, And words unearthly seem to breath around. Secret and far remote my dust shall lie, To orator unknown, or to bard's eye: Nor tomb nor stone shall my dead name retain, On any coast, nor yet on any plain. Mourn, O my love, for I am with the dead,-Bragáll, around whom locks of beauty spread; Mourn, with desponding soul, for Sema's son, Alas, maid of his soul, his fame is gone!" Thus did the hero speak, and deep grief feel, As he with aching heart strode 'eross the hill. On deck doth Morven's monarch now appear, And from his noble ship stretched forth his spear, Whose gleaming steel the dread flame seems to yield, That death presages on the midnight field,

hen a huge ghost on Malmor's heath doth stand, And slender meteor flieth from his hand: The lonely traveller to dismay is driven,

The silent moon is darkened in high heaven! " Past is the contest," said the warrior bold: "The fearful work of strife I now behold. The blood of my brave friends now strews the grass; Mournful thy gory heath, O Lena, is! Sad are the oaks on Cromla's craggy head; The nimble hunters in their strength are dead! With their renowned Mac-Shema, low they lie; O sight of heart-felt grief to Fingal's eye! Fillan and Roiné yonder mount ascend, And take the trump of Fingal in your hand. Call to the lake of Fergal, call the foc From *Laudarg's grave, the chief of old laid low. Let your far-spreading voice, my sons, be stout, Like as your father doth in battle shout! Here will I for the mighty hero wait, For Swaran who on Lena's heath is great. Then let the dauntless warrior come alone, Or with his bands in arms 'gainst Tradal's son. Let all advance, if they will come to war, Declare 'our hands are strong, we dreadful are."

^{*} Or Lamderg.

VII.

With speed red *Roiné like swift lightning roves, Like autumn's shades the stately Fillan moves. The horn of Fingal over Lena roar'd. And by dark Lochlan's sea-borne race was heard: On them it like a noisy tide doth flow, When it ebbs from the rugged land of snow. So strong, so fierce, and so impetuous bend The men of ships, as they with speed descend. Before them, tall and brave, proceeds their lord, In rage, and direful pride of shield and sword: Wrath burning in his stern face is revealed, Like meteors in a storm his eyes glow wild. The bold Mac-Starné Fingal now descried, And straight-way thought upon the snow-white maid. When fell the damsel, Swaran his tears pour'd For her of lovely cheeks and gentle word. Fingal meledious Ullin called to him. And told him Swaran to his feast to claim ;-For dear to Morven's gallant king did prove The fond remembrance of his premier love.

^{*} Red-haired.

VIII.

In steps of age now Ullin went anon, And in soft accents spoke to Starné's son: "O mighty man from distant regions, who Like to a gleaming cliff in arms dost glow, Which, towering, riseth from the raging deep; Come hither to the feast that brave chiefs keep: This day of peace with Fingal spend with joy; Tomorrow ye in fight shall shields destroy. For thus bright Morven's race the heart now cheers: The shell lift now; tomorrow raise the spears." "This day, this very day," Mac-Starné says, "The bright spear wield, the massy buckler raise; Tomorrow shall thy king from life be cast; While Swaran and his gallant warriors feast." When Ullin to his prince the message made, The mild and noble chief of Morven said: "Today, then, let us seek the battle-field, And with unbending ardour break the shield. Near my arm, Ossian, thine aid afford: Lift thou, O valiant Goul, thy trusty sword; Fergus, with keen aim, draw thy twanging string; Fillan, thy deathful lance with prowess fling.

O Morven's heroes, lift your spears on high; Like messengers of death let your steel fly; Emulate my fame and me; and let the might Of each now equal hundreds in the fight."

IX.

As hurricane that Morven's tall oaks fills;
As hundred echoing torrents from the hills;
As darkling clouds that move along and roar;
As raging ocean pouring on the shore:
So noisy, dark, vast, dreadful rushed again
The angry hosts along brown Lena's plain.
The closing armies' battle-shouts in might
Resembled thunder on a stormy night,
When burst the swelling clouds in Cona's vale,
And thousand spirits loudly shriek and wail,
On hollow, whirling wind the voice is thrown,
While cliffs, and trembling caverns wildly moan.

XI.

Swiftly, in strength, the king moved on the host, Like to great Trenmore's huge, unsparing ghost, When he his course in eddying blast doth trace, To Morven the loved dwelling of his race: The mountain-oaks re-echo to his call;
Before his footsteps rocks, uprooted, fall;
Through meteors, he himself is seen to roll:
As huge he strides from sounding knoll to knoll.
Bloody my father's hand, great Morven's lord,
As he with vigour plied his keen-edged sword.
The days of youth are to his soul reveal'd,
When first he strove upon the war-strew'd field.

XI.

Roiné went on as flies a heavenly flame;
And Goul was dark as he achieved his fame.
Fergus advanced as does a fitful blast;
And Fillan moveth like a driving mist;
Ossian a rock was, which waves off doth fling:
My soul exulted in great Selma's king.
Many and dismal were the deaths I made
To fall beneath the keen edge of my blade.
My locks had not with wasting years grown gray,
Nor trembled I with age, as on this day.

XII.

Who could the deaths of Morven's sons narrate?

Or who the chiet's bright feats, for they were great,

While Selma's monarch, bearing his dread shield, The host of Lochlan wasted o'er the field? Shout followed echoing shout, from each fierce band, Till cloudy night had covered all the land. Then trembling, pale, and like to hunted deer, Lochlan, when met on Lena, did appear. By Lubar's gentle stream we sat around The fine-stringed harps and bards of softest sound. The king sat next to stormy Lochlan's throng, Listening to tuneful bards, whose radiant song Was of his noble sires, and others famed In war's renown, who glory's bright crown claim'd. The king was leaning on his shield; the blast Was whistling in his locks: his thoughts were cast On days of valiant chiefs; and standing near Was fearless Oscar leaning on his spear: Osear, whose sword was as the lightning's wing; His eyes were fixed on rugged Morven's king. By his example was his soul inspired; His glorious deeds his inmost heart admired.

XIII.

[&]quot;Son of my son," the king of heroes said,
"Young Oscar of the gallant feats of dread!

Thy deathful sword my gladsome eye has seen, Greatly rejoiced was I for my kin. The fame of the departed emulate; Be like thy valiant fathers; they were great! Like Trenmore, who was bravest of the brave, And Tradal, who his arm to glory gave. They in youth's days the sword of valour raised; In works of tuneful bards their deeds are praised. Against the haughty be thou like a flood, But to the weak in arms be mildness shew'd: As floats a gale the grassy valley o'er, Such was thy noble sire, the great Trenmore; And Tradal, prince of chiefs, of great renown; And such the conduct I have made my own. I to the injured did my might reveal, The weak grew bold beneath my gleaming steel. Ne'er seek the strife of blood where 'tis conceal'd, Nor ever shun it on the battle-field."

XIV.

"Fillan and brown-haired Osear, youths that are Swift in the race, and valiant in the war, Ascend yon rising mount; observe the course Of Lochlan's host, lest they escape our force. I hear them move afar, like distant waves,
Or mountain-wood, that echoing tempest braves.
Then be not slow, but with swift pace go forth,
Ere they their fleet launch for the distant north,
And thus escape my sword. Great is our grief:
For many a warrior and mighty chief
Of Erin's race are sunk down in their night;
Low lie the bulwarks of her fame and might.
The dreadful sons of Cromla ne'er shall rise,
Their air-borne spirits float along the skies."

XV.

In aspect dark the heroes seek the coasts,
Like rolling cloud, the gelid car of ghosts,
When of the air the dim race reach the heath,
To frighten nations with the thoughts of death.
Then Goul Mac-Morni slowly rose in might,(11)
Like distant cliff, faint-gleaming to the sight.
Like mountain-flood, his deep voice doth appear,
Brightly to its point shines his massy spear.
"Great son of battles," said the chief, "thou king
Of shields and cups, let Morven's minstrels sing
Around of Erin's friends, who wrought her aid,
But let the king now sheath his mighty blade:

Give to thy people now to lead the fight; Let glory, son of Trenmore, be their right: We pine without renown in battle's field; Thyself the breaker is of every shield. When morning on the land casts his bright eye, Do thou, O king, behold our deeds on high: Let Lochlan on the coasts with terror feel, Another's fearless sword has power and will! Then shall the bards for Goul some tribute bear. Such was the custom of thy sires in war; In former days thus did thine hand appear In the hard contests of the gleaming spear." "O son of Morni," answered Selma's voice, "I ever, hero, in thy fame rejoice: Rule thou the host when mortal strife is near, Behind thee, chief, shall rest great Trenmore's spear. Ye sons of melody, your glad notes raise, And let mine eye-lids close amidst bright praise; Let me beside resounding waves lie down Tonight, where ghostly blasts the billows drown. And if, O fairest Aganecea, thou Be near, and 'midst thy people dwelling now; If, as I think, thou sit upon the blasts, That, whistling, rush around the echoing masts;

Then come, O white-hand, to my dreams, and keep My soul in calm refreshment while I sleep."

XVI.

Many a voice and tuneful harp arose In strife of song, bright glory to disclose. The great achievements of the king, they sang, And of the bold race whence the hero sprang. At times in mellow sound the bard repeats The name of Ossian and his martial feats: For oft I fought, and oft this hand has won With spear victorious in wars of renown. Though tearful, weak and blind, no praise I gain, But walk today amidst decrepit men. Great Fingal, I no more shall thee behold, Thyself, O king, nor thy great warriors bold! The grazing roe its mouth at thy tomb fills, O king of Morven of the verdant hills! Round Cona's heights exult now in thy name, And let thy soul rejoiced be of thy fame: Ne'er shall that glorious fame, O chief, wax vain; Thou ever shalt be deemed the first of men!

FINGAL.

CANTO IV.

SYNOPSIS.

Address to Malavin. Ossian adverts to his adventurous courtship and marriage with Evir-Allin, the mother of Oscar. Her ghost is introduced, informing him that her son was attacked by the enemy. Ossian hastens to relieve him. The enemy retreat. Oscar informs Fingal of the approach of The army is prepared for battle under the command of Goul. Fingal, after a suitable harangue, withdraws to an eminence on Cromla. Ossian and Osear are victorious in the left wing; but Goul is severely attacked by Swaran on the right. Fingal sends his bard to encourage him. Goul is nevertheless forced to give way. Fingal himself rallies the fugitives. Numbers of the Scandinavians fall. Cudúlin wishes to aid Fingal, but is persuaded by Connal to refrain from doing so. He therefore sends Carril to congratulate The desponding reflections of Cudúlin him on his victory. terminate the canto.

J.

Who at the pleasant mount her song doth pour.

Like Lena's bow amidst a gentle shower?

It is the maid of lovely voice I hear,

Toscar's white-handed daughter glads mine ear.

Oft hast thou heard my lay of fame-clad war,

Oft to me hast thou given beauty's tear.

Dost thou to hear thy people's strife attend—
The actions of the blue-mailed Oscar's hand?
O when shall Cona free from grief be found?
When calm the echoing streams of loudest sound?
Among fierce battles have my days been borne:
And Ossian's age is now sad and forlorn.

EPISODE OF EVIR-ALLIN.

When Evir-Allin, charming as a dove,
Unto the son of Fingal gave her love,
The fair of auburn locks, and snow-white breast,
Daughter of Brian, chief with glory blest:
A thousand heroes on her did attend,
But to the thousand she refused her hand.
The youths of gleaming swords rejected were;
For to the maiden Ossian was fair.
I went my suit to Erin's maid to urge,
To mighty Lego of the sable surge.
Twelve warriors from the hilly Morven's soil
My steps attended to bright Inisfal.
The strangers came the mighty chief to hail,
Even goodly Brian of the sounding mail.

II.

"Whence," said the hospitable chieftain, "are The steel-clad youths who shining weapons bear? No easy task it is to win the maid, Who with refusal blue-eyed chiefs has paid. All hail unto the captain of the band, The son of Fingal of renowned hand! Happy the favoured maid that shall be thine, Exalted chief, who in great deeds dost shine! Even if twelve daughters did around me stand, Of the whole twelve thy choice thou shouldst command.' The maiden's secret chamber he unlocks. Of Evir-Allin of the dark-brown locks: A joy extatic o'er our bosom creeps, When we saw Brian's daughter of the ships.(1) Above upon the heathy moor doth stand Cormac, a hero with his well-armed band. Eight warriors the chief attended on, Their polished armour glittered in the sun. Colla and Dura of deep wounds were there, Tâg and valorous Frestal, sons of war; Dora of valiant deeds and courage bright,

And Dâlo, bulwark of the echoing fight.

The portly Cormac grasped a flaming sword, A graceful mien he doth in arms afford. Eight mighty men chose Ossian his to be, Intrepid heroes from beyond the sea; Ullin of many fights, but no retreats, And martial Mullo of tremendous feats ; Scallag of courteous hand, and brow of truth, And wrathful Oglan; Cardal, faultless youth-Mac-Rivin Duff, who fear and war defied, Stood on the echoing hill by Ossian's side; And why should Ogar with the last be found, In heathy Ardven's clime so much renowned? Ogar met gallant Dâlo; face to face, As winds o'er bounding waves their wild course trace-So fought the warriors, but unconquered still, Till Ogar, who his dagger used with skill; Nine-times, with hand of death's aim, pierced the foc. The battle thence for Morven soon did glow. Three-times I fractured Cormac's bossy shield. Three-times the hero's broken spear doth yield. Upon the ground now fell the warrior's head; The people in dismay from the hill fled. (2) Whoe'er, Malavin, would have told me then, When vigorously I fought with valiant men,

That I should blind, decrepit, sad become,
And pass my perturbed nights in darkling gloom;
He ought a mail impenetrable bear,
And be unrivalled in the strife of war!

III.

Now as on Lena's lightless heath we lay, The cheering sound of music died away; Hard blew the echo of the fitful breeze, The dry leaves rustling under dark-red trees. On lovely Evir dwelt my thoughts, when, lo! The beauteous fair one did above me glow; In radiant light the love of chiefs appears, Her soft blue eye obscured with floods of tears. Upon the edge of her gray cloud she stands, And slowly her enfeebled voice expands: "Rise, Ossian, quickly rise, thine aid afford, And save my dearest hero from the sword; Save Oscar, youthful leader, lest he fail, He fights with many North-men in the vale, On Lubar's grassy banks of narrow stream." Forthwith beneath her cloud sank down her beam. My shield and mail without a pause I bare, And also grasped with eager hand my spear.

As I stood up, my sable armour rung, I also hummed, as was my wont, a song. Departed chiefs the lay concern'd; from far, The sons of Lochlan's shores the sound could hear: They fled; my valiant son pursued them, I called to Oscar, as a gentle stream: "Oscar, o'er Lena's heath thy steps retrace; No further let the chief's pursuit take place, Although thy father's hand and trusty spear The hero to protect have now come near." He came, and pleasant to my ear was found Of Oscar's shining arms the clanging sound! "Why did my father stay my hand," he said, "Till all the coward foe in death were laid? For, dark and fierce, they, as with one accord, Wildly assaulted Fillan and my sword. To watch the terrors of the night I stood: Day-light had left some northerns in the wood." As mighty wind that in its course expands, To pour the ocean over Mora's sands, And spreadeth terror on the neighbouring coast, So fiercely came on Swaran with his host; But with more silence he his course now bare, To Lena's heights. Cold spectres shriek afar;

The fires of death are now on Lena seen."—
Said Oscar, "Let me wake the mighty man,
Who smiles whene'er the din of war is given,
He seems the never-fearing light of heaven;
Which in a thrice dispels tempestuous storms:
So doth the king smile at wild war's alarms!" (3)

The aged chief had started from a dream,

TV.

And leaned on Trenmore's shield, of faintest gleam;
The great broad shield, of dusky hue, which bore
His noble ancestor in every war.

Fair Aganecca's form, of gentlest mien,
The gallant hero in his sleep had seen.
She from the ocean's waves her course now drew,
Pale seemed her aspect to the monarch's view,
As from the billows she moved lone and slow:
Oft from her cheek dark-falling tears now flow,
Her dim hand from her robe the spectre raised,
Her robe that of the desert-clouds was traced,
And stretched it over the great chief of men;
Then, speechless, turned her eyes away again.

"Why, daughter of dark Starné, dost thou weep?"
Said the grieved monarch of green Morven's steep;

"Why art thou sad and wan, thou lovely fair, Whose gait so graceful doth on clouds appear?" On Lena's winds her footsteps are withdrawn, And left the hero as appeared the dawn: Sad was she for her race, who in the fray Of Erin should fall on the coming day! Fingal was straight-way roused from his rest, But still beheld the virgin on the blast. Quickly came Oscar in the steps of pride, His metal shield was gray upon his side: For orient rays from eastern regions flee, And now faint-light the broad face of the sea. How now are occupied the affrighted foes?" Exclaimed the chief of Morven, as he rose; "Have their steps fled to ocean from the field, Or armed on Lena are they still revealed?" "Why asks the king," said Oscar, "of the foe? I hear their voices on the blast below." "Go speedily," the monarch's lips replied, "To Lena where brave Morven's host abide, And rouse them to the war." The king stood by Lubar's gray stone, and raised his voice on high. The deer on Cromla's wood start at the sound, The rocks and torrents, echoing, rebound,

The voice of Fingal far around him bore,
Like voice of mountain-streams that leap and roar;
As move and gather, ere a storm arise,
The shifting clouds along the azure skies:
So Morven's warriors met, with one accord,
At his command, around their sovereign's sword.
For gladly to the people of his land
Did the strong-armed monarch's voice extend.
Oft had they followed their chief in his might,
And oft returned victorious from the fight.

V.

"Proceed to battle," said the king of wars,
"Ye children of the echoing Selma's shores;
To death of thousands of the proud foe move;
Mac-Comal will the strife view from above;
I from the mountain shall my sword unsheath,
To give my aid, if war should press beneath.
But it to Fingal's bosom would be sad,
Were it required while Goul in steel is clad!
Mac-Morni is a captain of the brave,
Whom poets shall extol, while battles rave!
Ye ghostly forms of chiefs deceased, that have

The dead, and heroes up to Cromla lift, And let the blasts of Lena with them drift Over the billows to their native soil, Let them in dreams come gently to my soul: Let them, in brightness and with cheerful face, Come to console their monarch's heart in peace. Fillan and brown-haired Oscar, Roiné, too, With formidable steel your course pursue: Advance with great Mac-Morni, heroes' fruit, A soul that fearless is in fierce pursuit. In battle let your swords be like to his: Behold his gallant deeds with wistful eyes. Your friends remember that are now alone Within the forest: think on those who're gone! The gallant warriors will to me appear, The noble heroes who in fight fall here; I'll see their spirits high in azure shrouds, Enveloped in the windy Cona's clouds!"

VI.

As stormy cloud of deepest gloom appears, Whose border shines with heaven's meteors, Which westward flieth with the morning's beams; So the retiring king of Selma gleams.

His armour's light most terrible arose, Two ponderous javelins in his hands he shows. Floating on winds his gray locks spread afar, As with his eyes askance he view'd the war. Three minstrels near the king of Morven stand, To bear the sovereign's orders to his band. Aloft on Cromla's height the prince appear'd, And as we onward moved, he waved his sword. In generous Oscar's soul bright joy arose, With tearful eye he looked towards the foes. Glowing his cheek was; as a fiery beam His polished sword in his bold hand did gleam. He thus to Ossian spake with softest breath, "O ruler of the contests fierce of death, Indulgent Father, Oscar's voice now hear, Withdraw to Morven's king; give me thy share Of fame. Should I be in the fight laid low, Ossian, remember thou the breast of snow, The soft and lonely sun-beam of my love, The white-armed daughter Toscar to me gave. On distant rock her ruddy cheek she bends Over the flood that 'neath her feet extends. Her long hair waving o'er her lovely face, As she for Oscar lifts her voice of grace.

Tell her that I to her fair form am nigh; That my pale spectre on her hills doth fly. That soon I will with joy meet in a cloud The valiant Toscar's darling much-loved maid." "Rather, Oscar, in the grave let Ossian lie, I will not yield in perils to my boy! Rather learn thou of me in danger's post To conquer in the van-guard of the host. Remember, Oscar, if from life I'm borne, To set my crooked yew, and a heart's horn. Also my shining sword beside my head, When in the narrow sightless house I'm laid. Oscar, alas! I no beloved have, My favourite offspring in her care to leave, Since the white-bosom'd Evir-Allin died. The daughter of sharp-sworded Brian's pride.

VI.

Thus on the heath we talked, when shielded Goul Raised high his voice, like stormy ocean's squall, Which spreadeth o'er the shrinking air afar: So swelled the chief's tremendous voice for war. Aloft his father's blazing sword he waved; Plunging in fight, in wounds of death we raved. Like ebbing waves that o'er the ocean fly,
White, swelling, roaring loud, we onwards hie:
Like sable rocks by echoing billows lashed,
The armies met, the foes with fury clashed:
Man was opposed to man, and steel to steel;
The massive shields were crashed, and heroes fell.
Like hundred hammers, when the strife's begun
By the sharp signal of the stove's red son,
So moved the hosts, as loudest rush of storms,
And such the horror of the clang of arms.

VII.

Like whirlwind on Ardven, advanced Goul,
And many warriors by his sharp-sword fall:
Like to a raging fire was Starné's son,
Which through the heath to Gormal's top doth run.
But how could I in glowing song record
Each man that fell by gleaming lance or sword?
My steel, meanwhile, with eager haste arose,
And flamed throughout the field on Erin's foes.
Osear, what bright renown thy arm hath won,
My valiant, faultless, never-yielding son!
Thy father's spirit was cheered at the sight
Of thy o'erpowering strokes amidst the fight.

O'er Lena's heathy slope they fled amain,
And we pursued and slew fierce Lochlan's men.
As echoing stones from rock to rock that bound;
As axes in the tumbling wood resound;
As rattling thunder rolls from hill to hill,
In broken, loud, and wildly-roaring peal,
Came blow on blow, and stroke on stroke, in line,
From iron-hearted Oscar's sword and mine.
But Swaran closed around the dauntless hand
Of Goul, upon the right of Selma's band.
Like boisterous sea of the dark isles of whales,
When raging in its strength with mighty gales.

VIII.

The monarch of great Selma doth appear,
The king arose and took his mighty spear,
Go, Ullin, quickly go, O tuneful bard,
And let my words by Lena's field be heard;
Put Goul in memory of the fights he graced,
And of his warlike ancestors deceased.
Unto the yielding host a bright song bear,
A song that shall re-light the soul of war!"
With aged steps the portly Ullin came,
And thus stake to great Morni's son of fame:

"Chief of high-bounding steeds, and spears and swords, Strong hand in straits, whose soul no fear affords: Thou dreadful chief of sharpest steel, cut down Erin's invaders, that not any one Of their proud vessels ride on Lochlan's storm: Like thunder, hero, be thy dreadful arm! Like wrathful flame let thine eye passion dart; Like solid rock, brave chief, be thy bold heart! Thy shining blade an awful bolt of night; Thine azure shield a star of death in fight. Chief of loud-snorting steeds, let mine eye see Brown-shielded Lochlan's thousands fall by thee!" The hero's heart was raised, but swift did roll Mac-Starné, and cut down the shield of Goul: The race of Selma trembled at the sight, And in confusion to the hills took flight. The king of Morven thrice in arms appear'd, Thrice he advanced, and thrice his loud voice rear'd. High Cromla answered from its stormy haunt, And Morven's heroes stood upon the mount: Ashamed they to the earth their faces bent, That their great chief should see their courage rent. A cloud they're like, the dwelling-house of showers, Descending in the day of sultry hours, 33

When fields, impatient, thirsty are of rain, And shallow brooks scarce trickle through the plain; Silence attends the dark cloud in the sky, But short the calm, the noisy storm is nigh. Mac-Starné saw the king of Morven's land, And did the intended pursuit straight suspend. Darkly he on his gleaming spear doth lean. His red eye moving o'er the war-strew'd plain. Tall, silent on the Lubar's bank he stood, Like to a hoary oak-tree in a wood, Which erst its boughs had lost by lightning's flame. And feebly bends above the mountain's stream; A hair-like sound its moss to the wind yields: So stood the mighty king of dark-brown shields! At length the king of ships ceased to pursue, And over Lena's bloody heath withdrew. His bands around him quickly poured again, And gathered dark upon the distant plain.

IX.

Fingal appear'd like to a meteor's rays:
Shining amidst his gallant chiefs he is.
His matchless warriors flock around their choice,
When thus arose Mac-Comal's mighty voice:

"Aloft my banners raise, and quickly spread The standards of fierce war on Lena's head: Like echoing flames that are seen from afar, Let them on Erin's breezes reach the ear. Ye race of rapid roaring streams and rills, That reach a thousand vales from rugged hills, Hear, O ye valiant men, your leader's word, And thou, great Goul, of mighty arm and sword; Oscar of coming fights, soul of war's field; And Connal, hero of blue-spotted shield; Brave Dermid of brown locks, fierce as a storm, And Ossian, king of songs, be near my arm! In this day's conflict hew ye thousands down, That Lochlan, henceforth, may our prowess own!" We rear'd on high the *Dolgréna's bright wing, The glittering standard of the valiant king. Towering and glad was every warrior's mind, When the proud sun-beam glittered in the wind! Blue was its surface, spangled o'er with gold, Like heaven's blue concave, when the night's unroll'd. Each chieftain had the banner of his land, For each was leader of his gallant band.

^{*} Or Dobgrena_i.e. the sun-beam.

Χ.

"See," said the king in festive shells that prided, "How Lochlan is on Lena's heath divided. They move like gloomy, broken clouds, the hour That over Erin falls a summer-shower. They seem an aged wood, when lightnings glide, And have consumed half the mountain's side: When we behold each forked bolt that ploughs, Passing behind the oak's dissevered boughs. Let every leader of my gallant friends Select his choice of sea-borne Lochlan's bands; And suffer not the race of pine-clad shores, The sons of regions of the dark, wild boars, E'er o'er the stormy sea to reach the land, Or e'er on fertile Erin's soil to stand!" "I," said brave Goul, "the seven heroes take That from the shores came of the large full lake." "Let the tall Eric of the brown locks meet The son of Ossian," said the youth discreet. Said Connal,† "Let the chief of Iniscon The ruthless warrior be now my own.

^{*} Probably the Baltic. † A Caledonian Connal.

"Mudan," said brown-haired Dermid, chief of worth,
"Or Dermid's self shall this day lie on earth!"
My choice, though weak and blind today I am,
Was Torman's gallant king, a son of fame,
I promised that the prince to me should yield
His blue sword, and his broad emboss'd brown shield.
"Success attend each hero, and my child,"
Said valiant Fingal, he of manners mild;
"Mac-Starné of the roaring billows' voice,
Thou, ruthless hero, shalt be Fingal's choice."
Like many winds from many bills and dales,
That rush with awful force through many vales,
Divided, dark, along the heights straight-moved
The race of Selma, fearless hearts that proved!
The heavens foresaw that awful strife was near.

Who could the pallid deaths enumerate,
When on the grassy field we met in hate?
O noble daughter of brave Toscar, wife
Of Oscar, bloody were our hands in strife:
Amid the onset fell the foe by ranks,
As of wild Cona's streams quick fail the banks.
Each chief the promise of his lips fulfilled;
We won the victory and our foes killed.

And the ghost-haunted Cromla echoed far!

XI.

Where echoing Bran with purling streams has stray'd, With her white arm oft sat the lonely maid-Tired from the chase, thy bosom frequently Heaving in brightness, round and white to see As is the side of swan upon a pool, When under power of wind, herself to eool, She slowly raises up her snowy wing, Till her the breeze doth whirl about and fling-Thou sawest, fair one, on the lofty hills, When the sun, sinking, purple makes the rills. Or, gathering red beneath his crimson cloud, Doth trembling dip within the painted flood; Close-gathering darkness o'er the land is prest, While whirlwinds burst aloud from distant mist. Thou sawest, fair one, heavy rain descend, While thunder doth from mount to mount extend; Ghosts hied on meteors o'er the broken waves; The strength of hills from carn to cave swift-raves, By echoing torrents, with a sullen roar, Borne o'er the trembling valleys to the shore: With such a stunning noise the earth did glow, O gentle damsel with the hand of snow!

Why do thy glittering tears on the ground drop,
O beauteous daughter of great Toscar's hope?
Let Lochlan's virgins amidst mourning dwell,
It was their vanquished bands that fled and fell.
With blood wide were blue-edged falchions stained,
Borne by the race that at fair Cona reign'd.
Thy Ossian now is tearful, blind and sad,
No more do social heroes make me glad;
Shed, for me shed thy tears, these feeble hands
With grief have raised the tombs of all my friends,

XII.

It then was, by the hand of Selma's chief, A veteran chieftain fell to Fingal's grief. His gray locks gory on the grass are seen; He raised his faint eye to the first of men.

"And is it thou?" the brave Mac-Comal said,
"A near relation of the snow-white maid!

I marked thy copious tears that fell in streams
When died the damsel fair as eastern beams.
Thou who of my beloved's foes wert foe,
Art thou by Fingal's weapon now laid low?
Raise, Ullin, raise his tomb upon the vale,
And let thy sweetest words brave Madon hail.

Give to the hero's song the worthy name
Whose doleful voice rose for the maid of fame.
Dear to Mac-Comal's soul the stranger fair,
That below Ardven's hill the tomb doth bear."

XIII.

Cudúlin heard from Cromla of loud storms The mighty din of war and clashing arms, As on the mount of caverns the chief sat, In grief for his calamitous defeat. Sharp-sworded Connal he to his side call'd, And aged Carril of the times of old. The hoary heroes at his call appear, With broad blue shields prepared for the war; They came, and saw on distant Lena's plain, The battle's stream like the wide-flowing main, When sullen wind with mighty wings awakes, And on the rocky shore the billows breaks: Weak to its might must prove the snow-white sails, When it the sands pours o'er the distant vales! At the dread sight Cudúlin kindled now; A cloud of darkness gathered on his brow; His father's sword he grasped, and his glance throws, His fiery eye, on Erin's vanquished foes.

Three times the chief advanced, but thrice again The prudent Connal stopt the chief of men. "Chief of the isle of dusky mist," said he, "The king o'er our proud foe gains victory: Seek not the hero's glory to divide, Himself all-potent must this day abide." "Go, Carril, go in haste," the hero said, "To Morven's deathless king, the arm of dread: The monarch greet, the prince of many vales, We owe green Erin to his spreading sails! Blood like a torrent from his keen blade flows, He now like heaven's flame consumes our foes. When Lochlan ebb'd has, like departing flood, After the rain has ceased to sweep the wood, When from the hero's hand the strife subsides, Then let the fame that from Mac-Fena glides Be sweet to mighty Fingal's grateful ear, In praise of Selma's matchless king of war! The sword of Cabad give into his hand, The sword which trophies from the great did rend: It fitteth not that weak Cudúlin now The arms of his unconquered sires should show! Ye ghosts of Cromla's mossy cliffs, alone,

The dim gray souls of valiant warriors gone,

Be round Cudúlin's steps, shades of the brave,
And to his drooping ear speak from your cave.
A beam that quickly set am I now grown,
Like mountain-mist dispersed is my renown,
When freshly blows the breeze of morning's air,
It swept away is from the haunt of deer.
Speak no more, Connal, of bright arms and fight,
From among heroes my name now takes flight:
On stormy Cromla shall Mac-Shema sigh,
Until my *tracts have ceased to meet the eye.
Then, Bragáll, face of fairest hue, bright flame,
Lament and mourn Cudúlin's vanished fame.
For without victory I'll ne'er return,
O sun-beam over whom my soul doth yearn!

^{*} So translated in the Genuine Remains,

FINGAL.

CANTO V.

SYNOPSIS.

Fingal and Swaran engage in single combat. The latter is overcome, and bound. Fingal pursues the enemy, and fails in with Orla, a wounded Scandinavian. They converse together. Orla dies. Fingal discontinues the pursuit. He is informed of the death of Roiné, his youngest son. Ullin sings Roiné's elegy. Carril comes to Ossian, who, with Goul, had been left to guard Swaran. The dialogue of the two bards concludes the canto.

II.

On echoing Cromla's deep ascent, the word
Of Connal reached the hero of the sword:*
"Why, O Mac-Shema, is that gloom of night,
While our friends vanquish Lochlan in the fight?
Exalted warrior, renowned art thou,
Many a brave man has thy steel laid low.
Oft smiled the blue-eyed Bragáll of bright locks;
Oft smiled she on her moist and foam-clad rocks,

Cudúlin.

When she to meet her welcome lord drew near, And he returned with his men from the war, While vanquished foes were silent in the grave, And victory shone brightly round her love. Yes, pleasantly her ear o'er thy bards hung, When thine achievements rose in measured song. Behold, the king of Morven doth appear, Moving in arms, like heaven's meteor! To Lubar's swollen stream his strength is like, Or furious blast on Cromla that doth strike, When on the rocks the tall and branchy trees Yield to the tempest that through midnight flees. Happy thy people are, great king of swords! Thine arm on all fields victory.affords: Bright is the fame thy hand in war doth trace; And wisest art thou in the time of peace! Myriads, O hero, thy commands fulfil, And boldest armies quake before thy steel. Happy thy people are, O prince, that come From Selma's vales, thine ever-glorious home! Who is that dark one on the field in force, In the dread thunder of his own wild course? Who but the hero of the tempest's wing, Seeking the never-yielding Selma's king?

Behold the combat of the chiefs of men,
Which equalleth the strife of the blue main,
When in the air two furious spirits roll,
And, wild, contend the billows to control;
The distant hunter hears on louring coasts
The dreadful roaring of contending ghosts,
And sees the ocean heaving in its might,
From strangers' land to rugged Ard in flight."

H.

Such, gentle Connal, were thy glowing words,
When both the heroes met in strife of swords.
A mighty clang of blazing arms awoke;
Furious their blows were, death watched every stroke!
Each hero's eye the deadly combat marks,
As when from anvils fly the crowding sparks.
The conflict of the kings tremendous was,
Grim was their aspect as in strife they rose.
The brown shield at a stroke was cleft in two;
But harmless from their mails the sharp blades flew.
Each on the ground his gleaming weapon flung,
And straight-way in a wrestling struggle hung.
Their large and sinewy hand a firm hold takes.
And seems a portion of the chiefs' huge backs.

They turned from side to side, as vast eel swims. And stretched and strained in might their brawny limbs. When their tremendous strength was roused by wrath, The very meadow shook their heels beneath; The rocks and little hillocks trembled then, And the wood felt the struggle of the men! At length the hero of the ocean fell, And soon with cords they bound Mac-Starné well. Thus have I seen on streamy Cona's shore, (Cona, my solace, I see thee no more!) Thus have I seen two knolls borne from their place, While in the heath a gaping void we trace; The raging torrents' strength them did divide, Bent from their foot they turn from side to side. On high the knolls' entangled trees now reach, But soon they, trembling, lie upon the beach, With all their heath and oaks; the echoing stream Doth from its wonted course now turned seem, And to the distant hunter from afar, Doth the red ruin wonderous appear,

III.

"Ye sons of distant Morven," was the word Of great Mac-Comal, Ocean's monarch guard; "As strong and mighty is the chief in war,
As thousand billows that rush on the shore.
His hand's not skilless in the fight, nor cold;
His mighty fathers were renowned of old.
Goal, prince of heroes, Ossian, son of song,
This was the friend my first love had when young.
Let him not now amid our bliss be sad,
Do ye with joy upraise his drooping head.
Oscar and Fillan, and red Roiné, you
With steps of wind the flying foe pursue (1)
O'er Lena; that you overtake the race
Of pine-crowned Lochlan, lest their dark ships trace
With sharp keel, or with oars and spreading sails,
The purple billows of the Isles of Whales."

Like blasts along the war-strew'd path they flew.

Like blasts along the war-strew'd path they flew, But Fingal slowly moved, a cloud to view. His step like sound of distant thunder was, When softly falls a shower on the grass, And to the parched ground its tribute yields, While dark and still's the air on summer fields. His matchless sword was as a sun-beam, or Of mighty ghost a flaming meteor.

IV.

Toward a chief of Lochlan advanced he, And thus addressed the mighty of the sea: "Who is this who so dark and sad doth seem, Beside the mountain-torrents' roaring stream? He stands beside it, nor o'er it can leap, Though portly and quite faultless is his shape; His bossy shield beside the chief doth lie, His spear is like a fir-tree to the eye. Young hero of the aspect grim, now show, Art thou a friend, or Erin's hating foe?" "From Lochlan's coast my wasteful course I bear, My sov'reign's friend, and strong's my shield in war. Tearful at home, my loved one's soul doth burn; To her of yellow hair I'll ne'er return!" "Dost thou submit, or wouldst thou fight?" inquires Fingal the great, who justice strict desires: No victory doth on a foe attend, In Fingal's presence: mighty is his friend! Follow thou me, O sea-borne hero, come, And freely make my hill of feast your home. The rapid feet of Morven's land pursue; To Selma's king be faithful friend and true!"

" No, that I cannot be," the hero spake; "For it my practice is to aid the weak; Unrivalled in the battle is my steel, Why dost thou not submission to me feel?" "Never, O youth, did I fly battle's field, Nor e'er to mortal man will Fingal yield. But if thou for thyself a match would trace, Choose then, for great and numerous is my race." "Declines the king himself the fight to yield?" Said valiant Orla of the dark-brown shield: "If I should fall, then let my tomb appear In midst of Lena, largest that is there. Over the waves afar send thou my sword, To land of ships, some solace to afford To her whose sorrowing heart it may arouse: To her who is my white-armed, soft-eyed spouse. Let her the weapon to her offspring show, While bright tears down her lovely cheeks fast-flow." "Young hero of sad tale, and distant home, Why hast thou caused my scalding tears to come? Warriors some day must fail; their children's eve Will then behold their arms neglected lie,

Rusting and blackening in their silent hall! But Orla's tomb shall duly rise withal: The dame of fairest neck will surely weep,
When she beholds the sword thou well dost keep!"

V.

They fought forthwith on Lena's blood-stained plain, But small the strength brave Orla did retain! Fingal soon cut the thongs his shield that bound, And quickly fell his buckler to the ground, It fell as when the moon on troubled brine Doth'midst the towering billows sink supine.

"Morven's brave king, thy hand do not arrest, But run thy fame-clad weapon thro' my breast, Compassion for the weak in arms provide:
My trusty friends have now left Orla's side,
Loaded with wounds, from toil of battle faint:
Some lips my love may of my fate acquaint,
That I the honour of my death derive
From him the most renowned of all that live!
This soothing tale may reach my gentle love,
Within the grove where breezes softly move."

"No, never," said the generous monarch, "shall The noble Orla by my weapon fall! Nay, let the noble damsel's brightened eye, Her stately spouse by Lota's stream descry,

Safe from the contest where great warriors met. Or if thy gray-haired father live, then let His aged eyes in the fond task engage, Unless the hero now be blind with age. If it be so, and he his chamber keep, Then let his ear catch thine approaching step, And let thy mighty voice, from distant hall, Joy to the parent's drooping soul recall; Until his hand the soothing task has won Of passing o'er the besom of his son!" "Nay, monarch of the feeling heart in war, Dark Orla's father shall feel him no more," Said the intrepid youth of Lochlan's skies, "I'm fallen, never, never more to rise! The bards, 'tis true, may hear of Orla's feats, But ne'er from Lena's field this foot retreats! Under my belt now dwells a mortal wound, And here, O wind, it is to thee unbound!" The crimson blood fell thickly from his side; On Lena's heath he fell, and ere long died. The king doth o'er the gasping hero bend, And calls his bravest youths their aid to lend: "Oscar and Fillan, hands that glory earn,

Come, and for Orla nobly raise a carn:

Under the slab the brown-haired warrior place,
Far from his loving wife where Lota strays.
Then let the chief repose far from his home,
Within his narrow house of endless gloom:
Afar from where the roaring Lota flows,
From friends, from aged father, and his spouse!
The weak shall in his dwelling find his bow,
Vainly to bend it shall the feeble go!
His gray-hounds in the vale shall raise their voice,
And greatly shall the boars he chased rejoice!
An arm that mighty was in war is down:
A prince among the valiant chiefs is gone!

VI.

"Raise now your voice, and blow the trumpet loud, Ye blameless youths from Morven's land of cloud, Let us join Swaran, prince of martial throngs, And swift dispel the hero's grief with songs. Oscar and Fillan, and young Roiné, fly Across Mailena: cast a wistful eye Upon the foe, but it benign must be:
But where art thou, O mighty, brave Roiné? Thou wert not slow when thou heard Fingal's words, Nor tardy when called by the king of swords!

"Roiné," said Ullin, bard of song and arms, " Is with the famous chiefs, his fathers' forms: With Tradal, king of shields, and great Trenmore, A chief who ne'er his equal met in war! Alas, my prince, the youth is low and pale, Lying on the heights above Mailena's vale." "Fell he that in the chase of hinds was fleet?" Said mighty Fingal with a deep regret. "Thou bender of the bow of polished yew, Scarcely, youth, wast thou known to Fingal's view! Wherefore did Roiné ere his manhood fall? Youth, triumph thou within the airy hall: Hero of excellence, now sleep upon The death-strew'd Lena, where thy glory's won! I soon shall see the youth when life is o'er, For soon my voice shall never be heard more! On earth my footsteps soon shall cease to run, And then shall I with joy embrace my son. Yet bards some songs will yield to Fingal's fame, Memorial stones may also lisp his name. But Roiné lies in death before was heard Of his renown one stanza from the bard! Ullin, now strike the tuneful harp, and sing

The dirge of him that fled from Selma's king.

Farewell, thou first in field of bounding hart No more, no more, shall I direct thy dart! O fairest of the youths that early fell, No more shall I behold thy steps—farewell!"

The prince's cheek was now suffused with tears:
His son was mighty in the war of spears!
He like the lightning was that to the plain
Of Ardven herald is of copious rain;
When the dry forest falls before its course,
And lightless travellers shrink from its force,
But wind the fire shall bury from afar,
And Morven shall behold his light no more!
Behind the carns the splendour is concealed,
And dark the world is around the field.

VII.

"Why is this tomb still marked?" great Fingal said,
The king of generous shells; "who here lies dead?
Here stand four mossy stones upon the heath,
Around the narrow dwelling-place of death;
And here let Roiné his repose now bear,
Beside a hero that was great in war.
Here lies a chief that glory's voice enshrouds,
Alone he shall not travel on the clouds.

Ullin of olden times, pray let me know
Of those who in earth's bosom lie below;
If in the field they never fled from foes,
The son of Fingal shall by them repose;
Here by their side shall rest the babe of fights,
Afar from Lena's halls, and Morven's heights:
As he on Erin fearlessly led men;
Let him now dwell on Lena's sounding plain."

VIII.

Episode of Lamderg and Galchossa.

"Below this grave," began the tuneful mouth,
"Two mighty chiefs lie, who shone in their youth.
Lamderg lies silent here beneath our words,
And near him Ullin, dreadful king of swords.
But who is she we in the clouds now trace,
Who with reluctance shows her lovely face?
Who is the virgin in her beauty pale,
The fairest maid of Cromla's hill or dale?
Didst thou, O white-hand, thy bright career close
Amidst the conflict of envenomed foes?
Daughter of Tadal, thou in beauty moved!
Thou by a thousand heroes wast beloved!

But vainly for thy fair form did they burn;
Brave Lamderg's love alone didst thou return!
The prince whose steps to distant vales did cross,
To Tura came, and struck the sable boss.
The warrior thus did then soliloquize:
"Where is Galchossa of bright-beaming eyes?
Where is my fair, of all earth's maids I've sought her,
Of valiant Tadal the soul-soothing daughter?
Whom I in Tura's halls of love left bright,
When with Ulfadda I went forth to fight?"
'Return,' said she, 'O Lamderg, valiant chief,
For I am wasted in the shades of grief.'
Her snowy bosom, heaving slow appears,

For I am wasted in the shades of grief.'
Her snowy bosom, heaving slow appears,
Her rosy checks bedewed are with tears.
She doth not now to meet her chief draw near,
To soothe her Lamderg's soul from angry war.
How silence doth around the hall prevail!
No voice of bard is heard on hill or dale.
Even gentle Bran, as was his wont of late,
Shakes not his chain now at the inward gate.
Where is Galchossa, Lamderg's soul's fair light,
Where, Tradal, is thy gentle soul daughter's flight?"

IX.

"Lamderg," said Fergus, Aidan's youthful son,
"Galchossa hath to showery Lena gone;
Herself is gone, and with their mistress are
Her favourite maids, in search of bounding deer."

"I cannot, gentle Fergus, hear a sound
In Lena's wood, or hill or dale around.
No hart on Erin's fields can I now trace,
Nor yet a hound preparing for the chase.
My loved Galchossa vanished from me soon,
Like the swift-setting of the hill's new moon!
Go, Fergus, go to Allad of gray locks,
Who dwells within the arching cave of rocks:
Try if the aged, who lone there abides,
Heard of Galchossa on the mountain's sides."

Fergus Mac-Aidan went, and said unto
The gray-haired of the rocks, "Meek Allad, who
Dwellest in caves, what has thy dimeye seen?"
"I've seen," said aged Allad, "Carber's son,
Fierce Ullin, who repaired from Cromla's heath,
Stifling a song with his restricted breath.

'Twas like a hoarse blast in a leafless wood,
He came to Tura's hall, and, as he stood,

Exclaimed, 'O Lamderg, terrible of name, Give Ullin battle, or resign thy fame! Thou that art strong 'midst dreadful heroes, show Thyself as valiant; I to meet thee glow!'

'Lamderg,' replied Galchossa's gentle voice,
'Lamderg, the mighty, cannot now rejoice
To show his fearless soul and conquering hands;
He with the fierce Ulfadda's might contends.
The first of heroes, who is on war's field;
But ne'er to chief would my beloved yield!
Mac-Carber shall the wished-for strife receive:
For ne'er did Lamderg battle fail to give.'

'Lovely thyself is, maid of Erin's pride!'
Dark Ullin of the *mighty deeds replied;
Daughter of Tadal, beauteous queen of love,
I with thee hence to Lego's hills will move.
To Carber's hospitable hills, where grief
Ne'cr enters: thou art for the mightier chief!
Three days shall I at Cromla's mansion wait,
Till I have battle from the chief I hate:
But on the fourth Galchossa shall be mine,
If her lord should the stormy fight decline.'

^{*} Lawless!

"Allad," said Cromla's chief of mighty soul, "May peace into thy lonely cavern roll, Fergus, let Ullin quickly hear my call, My horn of battle in his distant hall." Like to a tempest o'er a vale distended, Lamderg the mount from Tura's walls ascended; And as in shining arms he passed along, The noble hero calmly hummed a song. Upon the heath he in his dark gloom stood, Like to the aspect of a varying cloud, Aloft and shaken by the mountain-wind. A stone he cast for battle's call designed. Ullin Mac-Carber heard its falling sound, The chieftain's soul rejoiced his foe was found; He quickly seized his father's beamy spear, His swarthy cheek a dismal smile doth wear; When the stern warrior grasped his keen-edged steel, He whistled as he moved towards the hill. With ready weapon bare in hand, he press'd: Galchossa saw the chief as on he pass'd. When he rose on the steep like to a mist, The lovely maiden struck her heaving breast, As white as snow that on the hills is spread,

And wept in silence, lest her love should bleed:

'O aged Carber, of the generous glow,
Let me to Cromla's side now bear my bow,'
She said, 'I on the mountain's heathy side,
Beheld a tawny deer this moment glide.'
The virgin climbed the mountain's side in haste,
But came too late: the fatal strife was past.

The virgin climbed the mountain's side in haste, But came too late: the fatal strife was past. Why should I to the king describe the fight? Thousands of conflicts have met Fingal's sight. Thou hast seen mighty men contend in arms, Wild as the northern ocean's winter-storms! Fierce Ullin fell in blood, though great his fame; And pallid to the maid her Lamderg came. Tadal's white-handed daughter at him stares, She that sprung from a chief of swords and spears: 'My love, there's blood,' as she with fear him eyed, 'There's blood,' said she, 'my hero on thy side!' 'Tis Ullin's blood,' the dauntless champion said; 'As mountain-snow, fair is my charming maid! Let me now stretch beside thee on the ground, Beloved Galchossa! victory I found. My spirit goes; but I have won my fame.' Lamderg expired like an extinguished flame! 'O hast thou sunk in lasting sleep, brave chief Of Tura's hills, to leave my soul to grief?'

Three days beside him on the earth she lay; A hunter found her dead on the fourth day. Above the three this spacious tomb was raised, In this dark dwelling let thy son be placed. Here, king of Morven, let young Roiné lie, With famous chiefs that travel through the sky." "In this same spot shall agile Roiné rest," Said Fingal, while a sigh stole from his breast. "Fillan and Fergus," said the generous king, "The gallant-minded Orla hither bring. Unequalled shall not Roiné here abide, While noble Orla resteth at his side! Let hilly Morven's gentle maidens weep, And wavy Lota's damsels mourning keep. As saplins on green mountain's slope appear, Grew the young heroes great and brave in war! Like two young oaks that in the valley stood, But fallen have across a torrent's flood; Here they must wither amid stormy winds: The pride of warriors, and the dread of hinds. Oscar, thou first of mighty youths, thine eye Has seen how they have fallen, and how they lie. Be thou like them, on earth renowned and praised By tuneful bards, like Roiné, who up-raised (2)

The drooping soul in peace; but was in war
More terrible than storm's wild meteor!
He like the bow of dewy show'rs was seen,
Which over deserts spreads its varied sheen,
When Morven's setting sun doth mild appear,
And silence rests on rocks where dwelt the deer.
Here, youngest of my sons, repose, and lie
Under Mailena's slab: we, too, shall die!
However great and wise, and swelled with praise,
The mightiest of heroes have their days!"

X.

Thus spake the prince of warriors in his gloom, When youthful Roiné was laid in the tomb.

What sorrow, then, must Ossian's bosom own
When thou, O very first of men, art gone!
Thy voice I hear not now on Cona's glade;
My dark eyes, sire, cannot perceive thy shade!
Many a day, and damp cold night have I
Sat near thy grave, with an all-vacant eye.
At times I feel thy dwelling with my hands,
To praise thy deeds, likewise, my tongue expands.
But when thy fancied voice doth me delight,
Behold it is the surly blast of night!

Long hast thou fallen asleep 'midst Ossian's griefs, Long have we parted, first of mighty chiefs!

XI.

Brave Goul and Ossian tried to soothe the heart Of Swaran, as with him they sat apart On Lubar's green-hued bank; to calm his soul I touched the harp, but strife did him control. Gloomy his brow is, and his bosom raves; So vain our task to calm the king of waves. His red eye wildly turned to Lena's coast: The hero's heart was grieved for his host.

To Cromla's hill I now advanced my sight,
And saw Mac-Shema, chief of dauntless might:
Sad, slowly, and alone, retired the brave
From Cromla's mount to Tura's gloomy cave.
But slightly did his woe part from the chief:
Alas, his joy was deeply mixed with grief.
Bright in the sun the hero's armour gleam'd;
As Connal followed him, he silent seemed.
The heroes sunk the echoing heights behind,
As flames in mountain-heath beneath the wind:
The fire advancing during midnight-gloom,
Without a ray but that whose blaze doth come

Loud-crackling in the fickly-driving gale, And failing when the fitful wind doth fail.

A rock, cavernous, doth a grot afford, Beside this grot a foaming stream is pour'd: Bending above, one tree o'er it is cast, And loudly rustles in the western blast. Here Erin's warlike chief and ruler sat. Mac-Shema, who in war and feasts was great. The strife of mighty deeds his thoughts now seek, The tears are pouring down the hero's cheek: His spirit mourned his reputation lost; The hero's late defeat on Lena's coast. From him far, far away, O Brágall, thou Canst not afford him consolation now: But let thy bright form in his memory burn, Then will the vigour of his soul return; His heart shall to his former glory move, And to the sun-beam that first raised his love. But who is this that comes with locks of age? Who but the mouth that doth all hearts engage With his soul-cheering songs of bye-past times? Carril, whose pleasant voice as sweetly chimes As doth the tuneful harp. In Tura's hall, Soft as the dew the bard's sweet accents fall,

Which gently on the upland fields descends,

When through the gloom the sun its faint rays bends,

Carril of times gone by, why comest thou from

Mac-Shema? canst thou not dispel his gloom?

XII.

"O Ossian of the mighty arm, 'tis thine The mystery of song well to combine. Long have I known thee: bright didst thou appear To me, great leader of the strife of war. Oft have I touched the harp for thy fair maid, Evir-Allin, who great virtues then display'd. Oft, chief, didst thou 'midst loud applause upraise Thy matchles voice in brightening songs of praise, In hospitable Brian's festive hall. One day she did young Cormac's death recall: She sung the hero's combat for her love, Her gentle bosom seemed grief to prove; And thine, thou prince of chiefs! for wrapped in ruth Her soul was, though she never loved the youth. How brilliant among thousands was the maid, The daughter who made generous Brian glad!" "O Carril, of the white-hand do not speak :

Recall her not, unless my heart thou'd break.

For my beloved my soul deep gloom wears;
My eyes, O hero, shed a flood of tears:
Pale is my charmer in the mouldering dust,
The beauteous dame who Ossian's love possess'd!
But on the heath sit thou, O gentle bard,
And let thy soul-refreshing song be heard.
It doth the gentle vernal gale appear,
Which sweetly passeth o'er the hunter's ear,
When he, awakening from a gladd'ning dream,
The joy of ghosts doth hear upon the mountain gleam!

FINGAL.

CANTO VI.

SYNOPSIS.

Night arriving, Fingal's army feast. Ullin sings the song of peace. Swaran is released without any stipulation. Fingal refuses a proffered gratuity. Carril offering him the sword of Cuddilin, he refuses to accept of it. To comfort Swaran's mind, Fingal relates the history of Grunnal. Morning arrives, and the king of Lochlan with the remnant of his army depart. The Caledonians go a-hunting. Fingal finds out Cuddilin, and succeeds in cheering his despondency, notwithstanding the ill-natured sarcasms of Conan. The Caledonians sail for Scotland.

I.

Darkness was fallen on the ocean now,

And gloom had gathered on tall Cromla's brow
From the cold north the twinkling stars arose,
And brightly gleam as Erin's blue wave flows:
Their fires serene far distant met the eye,
Through clouds that slowly moved across the sky.
The wind was rustling through the wood and hill:
The field of death now gloomy was, and still.
On Lena's silent heath I lent an ear,
To Carril's pleasant song of by-gone year.

He of the friends of our glad youth now told, The joyous days that sweetly passed of old, When on the banks of Lego we were found, And 'midst bright smiles the savoury *shell went round. Re-echoing Cromla doth the sweet song hear, And misty ghosts faint-swam along the air. Slowly and with warm joy adown they came, To hear the strains that gave their praise and fame. O Carril, may thy gen'rous soul be blest, And cheerfully fly on the eddying blast! Why dost thou not to Ossian's dwelling come, When I alone the night spend in my home? But surely thou, my chosen friend art there: Methinks that on the harp thy hand I hear! While on sonorous wall it hangs in night, A murmur feebly on my ear doth light. Why not tell Ossian while my grief extends, When my eyes shall behold my famous friends? But thou still passests in the blast of air That soundeth in thy Ossian's hoary hair. But in my inmost bosom thou dost dwell: Thou soft-tongued soother of the brave, farewell!

^{*} Drinking-cup.

II.

On Mora's sloping side, below its crest, The weary heroes gathered to the feast. A thousand oaks now blaze with crackling sound; The savoury flavour of the shell went round. The warriors' exulting souls were glad; But Lochlan's bold and mighty prince was sad: His red eye looked to Lena's heath, and at The sight his haughty wrath waxed very great. He thought on deeds to which his race were born, And of the fall by which he was forlorn. Fingal on Trenmore's shield now leaned in night, His gray locks in the oak-tree's ray shone bright. And widely waved amid the rushing wind, He saw that Swaran was to grief resigned; And softly to his tuneful bard, with grace, Said, "Soft-voiced Ullin, raise the song of peace, And calm my bosom from the strife of war: Let death's faint voices now ebb from my ear. The dismal clang of heroes' angry steel, Let it before the hundred harps now fail To gladden the exalted ocean-chief, He must not leave me nor this land in gricf:

None e'er from Fingal did departure take
With thoughts that could the storm of wrath awake.
My sword, brave Oscar, is a thunder-bolt
Against foes who in times of war assault;
But peaceful lieth at my side concealed,
Whene'er the enemy to me doth yield!"

III.

Episode of Trenmore.

Trenmore was of the race that were of old,
And once he cross'd the main to realms of cold;
As when a billow in a storm doth fly,
So did the hero brave the northern sky.
The high rocks of the land of trees, the hills
With shady forests crowned, and echoing rills,
Arose amidst the dusky fog of brine;
And with furled sails to port he did incline.
A brindled boar great Trenmore's hand pursued,
Which roared within fair Gormal's pine-clad wood;
Full many a hero had he left behind*;
But the spoil was to Trenmore's spear resign'd.

^{*} Escaped from.

Its copious blood flowed o'er the dark-brown heath, And its frame writhed in the pangs of death. Three youths, who witnesses were of the deed, About the mighty stranger told with speed. They told that when he to the mountain came, He stood far on it like a lofty flame, Brilliantly shining in his massive arms, A tower of ice to sun, when past are storms. The king of Lochlan to a noble feast The mighty youth invited as his guest. Three days in Gormal of renowned men, 'Midst sounding cups and *harps was Trenmore seen. He in abundant combats had his choice: Nor in the mighty land of Lochlan was There a warrior who refused to yield To Morven's powerful guardian of the shield. The shell of joy went round to cheer the throngs, 'Mid bonfires, and the glowing sound of songs, (1) Which lauded wavy Morven's mighty prince, Who o'er the blue wave did to them advance.

The great commander of great warriors, whom They decked with praise in distant lands and home.

^{*} Chords-Gaelic.

When the fourth morning's eastern ray appeared, The hero launched his ship, to sail prepared. As still he walked the strand with anxious mind, And waited for a favourable wind: A distant voice the prince's ear assails, Proceeding from the midst of woody vales. A youth advancing from the heights saw he, Of gentle grace, and armed cap-a-pie: Fair were his locks, and bright his smooth cheeks glow: His form shone levely as a mount of snow. His mild blue eyes soft-glanced, as with these words He in calm voice address'd the king of swords: "Stay, Trenmore, champion terrible to men, Depart not, nor yet tempt the purple main. Thou hast not conquered Lonval's valiant son, Whose dreadful sword has deadly combats won; The wise avoid his bow." "Thou tender youth," Said Morven's king, "To cope with thee were ruth! It doth not to a king of arms belong To smite a man whose name is not in song. Feeble and puny is thy snow-white arm, Retire, thou beam of youth, exempt from harm! Straight-way retire thou to the rock of roes: 'Mongst bounding deer thou'lt find thy proper foes!"

"But if I do," said he with vaunting word, "It shall be with the gallant Trenmore's sword! My soul, while it in fame with exult spreads, Shall surely win the love of many maids, When, gathering, they enamoured eyes shall bring To him who, dauntless, slew the mighty king! Their bosoms will sigh for my love, the when They see the sword and spear that conquered men. By thousands shall I be with praise caress'd, And highly honoured at the cheering feast." "To none shalt thou my sword, fair stripling, show," Said Trenmore, while with fire his red cheeks glow. "Your mother on the shore shall find thee pale, While, lessening on the waves, she views the sail Of him who slew her rash, impetuous son." "I do not wield the spear," replied, anon. The youth of lovely mien, "my arm's not strong, My hand can barely send a dart along. From feathered darts my trusty bow doth bear Have pallid heroes promptly fallen afar. Quickly cast off the mail thou'rt screened beneath. Nought but that steel can save the king from death. But no advantage seek I, nor have found;

Behold I lay mine own upon the ground !--

Now, king of Morven, draw the nimble string." Her white breast met the eyes of Alban's king: He saw her heaving bosom through her locks: It was the sister of the king of rocks! Within the hall her eyes on him did move. And he obtained the virgin's ardent love. The hero quickly dropped his spear in peace, And to the earth bowed down his blushing face. She seemed the orient beams, the early ray, Which one discovers when he's on his way From a dark cave, and turns his dazzled sight Upon the smooth-spread ocean glittering bright. "O gallant monarch of the hilly land," Said the fair damsel of the snow-white hand, "Receive me in thy bounding ship; receive My anguished bosom from the dreaded love Of gloomy Corle, who in great might appears,

IV.

"Rest thou in peace," the gallant hero said,
"Rest thou behind my bossy shield, O maid:
I will not flee, (I never did) should I
Thy foes in all their potent might descry

The darkling hero lifts a thousand spears!"

Upon the field, yea, with their thousand spears:
Then, lovely virgin, dismiss all thy fears!"
Three days the chief remained, and blew aloud
The horn of combat for the hostile crowd;
But ne'er came Corle to the proffered fight,
From rock, from moor, from valley, or from height.
The prince of Lochlan came down from his tower;
He gave the white-armed maid to great Trenmore.
Ample rejoicings this event now drew;
The harp was tuned; the feast was spread anew."

v.

"O king of Lochlan," Selma's monarch cried,
"Thy blood now floweth fast in Fingal's side.
If our renowned sires wild war proclaim'd,
If they for sorrow-causing strife were famed;
They often met within the festive hall,
And with the sounding-shell peace did recall.
Then from foul war, O king, turn thou thy face,
And hear the soothing harp in all its grace.
Like to a tempest on the sea by night,
Hast thou, O hero, pour'd thy dreadful might:
Like shout of many bands, thy awful breath
Has loud-arisen on the field of death!

Thy broad white-bosom'd sails tomorrow raise,
Thou brother of my soul's best joy that was.
Like the sun's light, anew her virtues roll,
With grateful lustre o'er my beaming soul!
I on thy tears for the white-hand once gazed,
When against Starné's self my arm was raised.
From danger thy protection I assay'd,
The while my sighs flowed for the beauteous maid.
But if the combat thou should value more,
Accept the contest Lochlan gave Trenmore.
That to thy land thou may with fame return,
As the sun seeks behind the hills his bourn."

VI.

"No, race of Morven," was Mac-Starné's word,
"Swaran shall not in contest seek thy sword;
Thou first of the victorious thousands art:
Assured of thy potence is my heart!
In land beyond the seas I saw thee fight;
Few were my days, but I admired thy might:
I at the time to myself said, 'When shall
I wield the sword as nobly as Fingal?'
Long since, O hero, we, on distant morn,
Engaged on Malmor, where my spear was borne

By waves to hall of generous shells, where, prest,
The welcome chieftains ever find a feast.
Let tuneful bards the victors there send down,
Who thereon strove, for great is the renown
Of Malmor's champions, bright the victor's crown!
Many a ship from Lochlan's sea-beat land
Its owner's corpse has left on Lena's strand.
Accept these, king of Morven, and now be
The friend of him who Erin's fall did see.
Whene'er to Gormal thy sons shall be led,
With feasts prepared they shall therein be fed.
They ever shall the choice of combat gain,
The strife of arms with all our mighty men."

VII.

"I'll not receive what great Mac-Starné wills,"
Said Fingal, "Swaran's fleet, nor land of hills:
The grassy wilderness suffices me,
With deer, and herds, and vales, and victory.
Back to the pleasant halls of thy realm move,
Noble relation of my early love;
With peace raise thy white sails upon the waves,
When morning day unto the mountain gives.

To echoing Gormal then be thy return;

And ne'er for strife with Trenmore's grand-son mourn."

VIII.

"Bliss to thy soul, thou generous king," replied Brown-shielded Swaran, "thou dost joy provide! In peace a gale of spring thou art, in war A rock amidst the reckless ocean's roar. Take thou my hand in friendship, king of swords, From gelid Selma flow most glorious words! And let the matchless bards thou hast reveal'd, For us lament the dead upon the field. Let Erin's youths the sons of Lochlan crown, And raise the deathless stones of their renown; That from the north their kindred may behold The place whereon their fathers fought of old. The hunter coming from his hills shall say, As he rests on a tomb: 'In olden day, The mighties, Fingal, Swaran, and their bands, Here joined the battle with unrivalled hands.' Thus shall the wearied hunter greet the plain, And our renown for ever shall remain!"

IX.

"O king of waves," said Fingal, "greater stands (3) Our fame this same day, than when time expands. We like a dream shall vanish, and shall rest Unmentioned on our fields when time is past. The hunter shall not know our silent mounds; Our names they shall forget in tuneful sounds. In future times forgotten we needs must Be, pale and withered in oblivious dust. Ossian and Carril, Ullin mild of speech, Of heroes long deceased in glory teach: A glowing lay of noble days begin, Of times of valiant chiefs who fame did win. Let the dark night in song be passed away, And morning amid joy spread eastern day." Our voices for the king rose cheerfully, A hundred harps contended warily. The face of mighty Swaran brightened soon, As in the sky expands the broad full moon, When clouds have left her in her azure flight, Display'd and calm amidst the silvery night.

X.

The aged Carril said, "Mac-Shema's brave And matchless hero is in Tura's cave; His hand of mightiness is on his sword, His thoughts upon the host that fail'd their lord. In gloom doth Erin's king of spears appear; He's sad, unconquered heretofore in war. In peace the hero sends his sword to thee, O thou who like a rushing storm canst be! Erin now fully of thy glory knows, Thou wasted hast, and scattered all her foes! Accept thou, Fingal, of the hero's sword: Like feeble mist, his fame hath disappear'd, Like mist that from the strong wind takes its flight, The hill to clear, and leave the country bright." "No," said the king, "the gift shall be restored, Fingal will not accept the hero's sword! In echoing battle is the champion great, Strong is his arm, his fame nought can defeat. Many have fail'd in combat, who before Had gained immortal glory in the war.

"O Swaran of the land of forests chief,
Hear this, and quickly lay aside thy grief!
Those who in battle chance to yield to might,
Obtain renown, if brave they be in fight:
As when the sun, in summer, himself hides
Behind a cloud on high, from whence he glides,
Soon to behold again the grassy hills,
And to illuminate the shining rills.

XI.

EPISODE OF GRUMAL.

"Grumal was chief of Cona, king of hosts,
Who sought for battle upon many coasts;
His soul rejoiced in the voice of storms;
His ears were ever in the din of arms.
On rugged Craca, his armed men he shew'd;
The king of Craca met him in the wood:
For there, in Brumo's dusky cave, alone,
The noble king addressed the sculptured stone (4)
Into fierce contest both the heroes prest,
For the soft, gentle maid of snowy breast.
At Cona's water had red Grumal heard
Of beauteous Annira, whom all admired;

The white-hand of the waves he would possess,
Or low in death the lightless dwelling press.
Three days the warriors did in war resound,
But on the fourth was mighty Grumal bound.
In Brumo's cave of horror to abide
Was Grumal sent: no friend was at his side
To meet the spirits of the dead, alone,
Who dismally yelled round the ghostly stone.
Again the hero like heaven's meteors glows:
Grumal his fame regained, and slew his foes.

XII.

"Ye bards of bye-gone time," said Morven's king,
"The praise of heroes dead to our ears bring.
Sing, then, before resounding Lochlan's chief,
And ease great Swaran's bosom from his grief."

And ease great Swaran's bosom from his grief."

The princes lay on rocks, and, whistling through
Their hair the dark wind fitfully now flew.

A hundred tuneful voices raised the song;
A hundred soothing harps were sweetly strung.
The song concerned the noble times of yore,
The days of valiant chieftains great in war.

When now, Malavin, shall I hear the bard?

When while joy's pour'd around shall I be cheer'd?

Unstrung the harp in Morven is, O maid; No voice of music doth in Cona spread; Alas, alas! a gloomy night's my own! Both tuneful bard and mighty chief are gone! No eulogy in Cona doth revive, Nor sounds of joy remind me that I live! Now morning with its orient beams arose, And on tall Cromla's sides and summit glows. The horn of Swaran along Lena's plain Was heard, collecting what did still remain Of his brown-shielded host from Erin's fields, Sad, silent seemed the host with prostrate shields, As they their vessels launched forth on the deep; A sharp breeze their white canvass filled did keep: And as along the azure waves they past, Their white sails moved like Morven's towering mist.

XIII.

"Call," said great Fingal, "call now to the chase
The hounds that swiftly cross the moor; here place
Fleet Bran of whitest side; call Nort and Kerr,
And Luat whose swift foot out-runs the air. (5)
Fillan, and Roiné—he is in his grave—
My son who sleeps in death was of the brave!—

Fillan and Fergus, beams that still remain,
Go blow the horn of chase along the plain.
Let joy upon the hill and mount arise;
And deer on Cromla start before our eyes.
And by their favourite haunt, the lake of roes,*
Where hunted hind to cool his parched tongue goes.

The shrill sound spread throughout the echoing wood, And upon Cromla a herd slowly stood:

A thousand bounding dogs flew o'er the heath;
By every dog a deer was felled in death:
Three fell by Bran alone, and those he turned
Towards great Fin, for whose applause he yearned.
One fell at Roiné's tomb. The prince of men
Soon became sad: his eye filled up, the when
He saw the peaceful stone of him that was
Valiant in war, and fleetest in the chase.

"Thou, O my son, shalt rise no more," he cried,
"To war with foes, or feast on Cromla's side:
Ah! soon thy grave, forgotten, they will pass,
When it is covered o'er with withered grass.
The sons of weakness o'er the plain will come,
And neither see, nor ask about thy tomb!

^{*} Perhaps Lough Derg.

"Ossian and Fillan, sons who still abide,
And thou, Goul, of blue-shielded hosts the pride,
Let us ascend the mountain's face, above,
And find the chief of Tura's silent cave;
Let us the noble son of valour find,
Erin's gallant ruler(6) of exalted mind!

XIV.

"Is that the wall of Tura I behold,

Above, so lonely and so gray and cold?
The hospitable chief is sad, I feel:
The hall that once knew festive joy is still!
Let us Cudúlin of the mighty arm
Find, and console for Erin's loss and harm.
Fillan, is that Cudúlin near the oak?
Or on the heath a rising wreath of smoke?
The wind of Cromla dusk on me doth send—
Such dimness that I can't discern my friend."
That is, O king, the gallant youth replied,
Valiant Mac-Shema, Erin's noble guide,
Who in his silent grief doth woe afford,
And mourns, his hand arising on his sword."
"All hail unto the prince of chiefs and fields,
The mighty breaker of the proud-borne shields!"

"All hail to thee," replied the hero, "and
To the brave warriors who around thee stand!
Delightfully thy presence I have view'd,
Tis like the sun in Cromla's shady wood,
When sadness the lone hunter's soul enshrouds,
Until he sees its bright face through the clouds.
Exulting in thy fame, thy sons attend
Thy course, as stars around the fair moon bend,
Which deck the round and azure vault of night,
And to the world afford a sparkling light.
Fingal, then hero of triumphant hand,
Not thus thou hast beheld me in thy land,
When of the Universe* the proud lords fled,
And joy unbounded o'er the wide realm spread."(7)

XV.

"Many thy words," ignoble Conan said,
"Widely, Mac-Shema, does thy vain speech spread;
In talking, none is ever heard save thee;
But show thy martial deeds—shew victory!
Why hither was our host obliged to come,
Unto the worsted to give back their home?

^{*} The Romans.

Thou to thy hole weak-fleddest in dismay,
And left to Conan to win back the day.

These shining arms to me, weak chief, resign;
O man* of Erin, they of right are mine.

"No hero ever yet my weapon sought;
And though he did, it he should not have got.
Conan, who weak and worthless art in war,
I did not from the field of grief repair:
The lance I wielded in the face of day,
Till Erin had entirely fail'd away."

"Conan of feeble hand," said Morven's chief,
Use not such vaunting words to one in grief,
Until of thine some nobler deeds we view.
Renowned in echoing fights Cudúlin grew.
His name brings terror wheresoe'er he goes,
Oft of his glorious feats heard friends and foes.
Courageous leader of green Erin's hosts,
Raise thy white sails for thy fair island's coasts.
O hero, seek the misty Isle of Swords,
Till lovely Bragáll bliss to thee affords.
Upon the rock's rude edge the maid appears,
And leans afar, with eyes that stream forth tears;

^{*} Chief.

The wind upon her heavy locks is prest,
And lifts them from her pure and snowy breast,
As to her listening ear each night-sound floats,
And she looks for the merry rowers' notes,
Expecting to hear thy song, cheerfully,
Blend with thy tuneful harp upon the sea."

"And long and vainly shall she listening mourn,
From such a war I'll ne'er to her return.
How could I hear thee, lovely Bragáll, sigh
For thy chief? and behold thy tearful eye?
Thou, king of valour, oft hast beheld me
Gain in most wild encounters victory!"

"And victor we shall thee again behold,"
Said Fingal of the cups, and prowess bold;
"In obstinate pursuits thy fame will grow,
As oaks on Cromla's side their verdure show!
Many a fight and fierce onset again
Await thy weapon, brave and mighty man!
Many shall be the wounds thy hand will give:
Thy fame will brightly glow while bards shall live!

"Bring hither, Oscar, bring the slaughtered deer;

A feast and genial shell for us prepare;

And while our mutual friends are glad around,

Let brave Cudúlin's soul in peace be found."

XVI.

We sat, we feasted, and our harps we strung,
Cudúlin's spirit came back as we sung:
Dispelled the thoughts were over which he mourned;
The noble warrior's strength of soul returned.
Ullin gave the chief a lay, and Carril's voice
Was raised the car-borne hero to rejoice.
And I unto the bards assistance gave,
In singing of the conflicts of the brave,
Conflicts in which my arm has borne a part.
Nor more shall swords or valour cheer my heart!
The fame of former deeds ne'er to me comes;
I sit in sorrow nigh the grassy tombs
Of the great friends, alas! who are no more.
Although their hands the world convulsed in war!

The night was spent in song, and orient day
At length gave forth its soul-reviving ray.
Fingal doth on the lofty height appear,
And brandished in his hand his gleaming spear.
Across Mailena, he now stretched his sides:
His host in arms behind the monarch glides.

"The white sails quickly spread," the hero said,
"And catch the breeze that flows from Lena's wood."
We mounted on the foam-clad waves with songs,
For great the joy that cheer'd our warlike throngs.
Along the hoary deep we ploughed our way,
Until we anchored safe in Cona's bay.

FINIS.





NOTES TO FINGAL.

CANTO I.

- (1) The orthography observed in The Genuine Remains of Ossian (recently published), has been followed throughout this poem. Macpherson has half-latinized the proper names in his version. Though, had he done as much justice to all the poems as he has manifestly done to Fingal, his first, there would have been little cause for complaint.—Cudúlin appears to have undertaken the guardianship of the young king of Ireland, and the command of his army out of respect to Fingal, whose intimate connexion, both my marriage and genealogy, with the Irish royal family, gave him a lively interest in all their difficulties. The Isle of Sky, of which Cudúlin is said to have been prince, was probably a dependency of Fingal's territory. It has ever been celebrated for distinguished military characters: The editor of the Genuine Remains of Ossian remarks in a note, "From traditions, topography, and the notices of antiquaries, it appears that Tura and the plains of Lena, the principal scene both of Fingal and Timora, were situated in the county Donegal, in Ulster." This quite agrees with what the present author has stated in his notes to Timora. Tura, he believes to have been situated in the barony of Innishowen, not far from Green-castle.
- (2) Swaraa was the son of Starné, king of Lochlan, a part of Scandinavia. It would appear that the name of Danes, given to the invaders of Ireland, was far from being inappropriate. Though it is difficult to fix with unerring accuracy the realms of those ancient monarchs. That they frequently invaded Ireland from Lochlan, clearly appears. This land seems to have been situate to the North-east of Ireland. Swaran appears to have been a warrior of might and valour, a stern and uncompromising man, though by no means so bad a character as his savage father. His invasion of Ireland was evidently expected, and Fingal's succour had been solicited. The editor of the "Genuine Remains of Ossian" says, that Swaran's kingdom included West Gotha
- (3) Fingal, by far the most celebrated of the northern chieftains, was sovereign of the land of Morven, which is supposed to have been Argyleshire. He was the son of Comal, and

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great-grandson of the renowned Trenmore, who overthrew the government of the Druids. Fingal was a man of great bodily strength, and of the most unbending courage. He was not, however, of a contentious spirit; but he was, unhapply, and contrary to his manifest wishes, involved in continual wars, chiefly, indeed, owing to his close affinity with the royal family of Ireland; but often from his humanity inducing him to take up the cause of the oppressed. He opposed the progress of the Roman arms in Caledonia with great success. The latter end of the 2d, and the early part of the 3d century, are assigned as the era of his exploits.

- (4) Some of the opposers of the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian have insisted much on the extravagance of this description as stamping the work as spurious. But we must bear in mind that Ossian does not narrate this boasting as fact, he merely puts it into the mouth of a very vain-glorious man, and thus paints his character to a nicety. Ossian seldom introduces a person without pointing to his disposition.
- (5) "And strike great Sema's glowing shield for war." Sema was the father of Cuddilin, and a person of distinguished fame. His shield, therefore, was used as an instrument to issue signals to his army. In those times, when the arts and sciences were imperfect, and when they could badly encounter the heavy expense of elaborate workmanship in their armour, a shield was a very precious relic. A sword, also, seems to have descended from father to son through many generations, as did likewise a spear.
- (6) The effects assigned by Ossian to the signals from the shield of Sema must be regarded in the light of a poetic license. Such things have always been deemed allowable, and we should not apply the test of rigid truth to these ornamental portions of a poem.
- (7) The ability of Ossian is nowhere more clearly exhibited than in his delineation of character. Connal is here drawn as a man of the utmost discretion, modesty, and valour, and his deeds agree perfectly with his words.
- (8) The term "spotted wild goat" on Cromla, appears to have puzzled the editor of the "Genuine Remains of Ossian" not a little. He says, "The epithet spotted indicates that os cannot here mean either an elk or red deer, unless those of Ireland then differed in colour from all the elks and red deer now known." In so many ages, and in a country where the land has undergone such changes, as in Ireland, it is not surprising if some of the former species be extinct.
- (9) "Leader of native and auxiliar bands." From this expression one would be induced to imagine that Cudúlin had brought more than his own arm to the protection of Cormac.

But it is not to be supposed that Ossian would not pass over such a circumstance without notice.

- (10) The "Isles of Whales." The Orkneys were probably so called. The whales are not always fixed to the same locality, and might at one time have chosen the Orkneys as a favourite station. The islands are here, however, pointed out as the ordinary course to Lochlan.
- (11) Connall was evidently aware of the prowess of Swaran and his host, as he proposed such a sacrifice to pacify him. Nor was he in error; for the Irish forces, unaided, could never have withstood the Scandinavians that formed Swaran's army.
- (12) This Episode gives a melancholy pieture of Irish society previous to the introduction of Christianity. The occurrences narrated, bad as they are, are not so impressive as the matter-of-course manner in which Cudúlin hears the tale. Lust, rapine, and the most sanguinary spirit of vengeance, appear to have had unbridled range, unrestrained by either law or public opinion.
- (13) The conduct of Duchômar in this affair was desperately cruel, and fully deserved the fate he met. That Murna should embrace such an opportunity to deliver herself from the power of such a monster, is not very surprising; but the manner in which he accomplished her destruction was hideously unmanly and diabolical.
- (14) It is perhaps the only blemish in the character of Cuddilin as given by Ossian, the manner in which he expressed an anxiety for the society of the ghost of that cold-hearted murderer, Duchômar. But the thoroughly amiable Cuddilin subscribed to too many of the odious prejudices of the age he lived in.
- (15) From Tacitus and other historians of antiquity, we have unquestionable proof that the Caledonians possessed war-chariots. Whether Swaran in the land of his nativity had a chariot, does not appear. Indeed, Fingal seems to have relied so much on his own physical energies as to have despised such aids. The account of the car of Cuddiin may appear to a superficial observer to indicate a superior mechanism and state of civilization to that which existed in his day. But, on due consideration, this objection will vanish. Both the North of Ireland and Scotland abound in crystals and other brilliant stones, and the mechanism required to construct such a car by no means exceeds what would be requisite to construct elaborate shields, &c. But we are never to try the descriptions of poets by strict matter of fact: poetry has a general license for exaggeration.

- (16) If we conclude that Swaran's scout had never seen a war-chariot in his own country, his alarm at Cudulin's will be more natural. But Swaran was not so easily intimidated. His valour and conduct in action appeared capable of overcoming every obstacle he had to encounter.
- (17) Ossian's description of an engagement is not surpassed, for energy and expression, by that of any poet, ancient or modern, and it is truly surprising how he contrives to vary it with the few objects on which he draws for similes.

(Note from the 'Genuine Remains of Ossian.')

- (18) "Captain Macdonald, of Breakish, a native of this same isle, deposed in 1805, being then in his 78th year, 'That Fingal, Ossian, Oscar, and the Fingalians in general, were at all times, and without any doubt, reckoned and believed to be of Scottish, and not of Irish, extraction: that Cudúlin was (originally) a Scottish chief, and had a house at Dunscäich, in the 1sle of Sky. That Dunscäich is built on a round rock, almost surrounded by the sea, and having no access to it but by a draw-bridge: that without the entry to the castle, there is a long stone sunk in the ground, to which Cudúlin's dog was tied, except when he was hunting: that the wall of the Dun or castle is yet 20 feet high, and strongly built, and that he has often been within said Dun."
- (19) Ossian has here recourse to one of his favourite transitions from the horrific to the pathetic. No writer or composer understood more perfectly the passions of the mind, or the consequential horrors of war, than he did. We cannot pretend to say which of the numerous islands to the north of Ireland and Scotland he denominates the isle of ships. It appears, however, to have been some island under the dominion of Swaran, for Trenar fell under the sword of Cudúlin. Dogs were supposed to be peculiarly observant of their masters' ghosts.
- (20) The poet having given a perfect erop of horrors, puts an end to the combat by the intervention of a deep mist, very common in those regions
- (21) "The ancient manner of preparing feasts after hunting, is handed down by tradition. A pit lined with smooth stones was made; and near it stood a heap of smooth flat stones of the flint kind. The stones, as well as the pit, were properly heated with heath. Then they laid some venison in the bottom, and a stratum of the stones above it; and thus they did alternately till the pit was full. The whole was covered wigh the heath to confine the steam." Macpherson.—This resembles the New Zealanders' method.
- (22) The noble generosity of the brave Cudúlin, here, would put many Christians to the blush. He forgets all animosity, thinks only of the uncomfortable condition of the invader, and

how he could add to the happiness of the man who sought his destruction. War, it is true, he passionately admired, as his greatest glory; but it was not the war of revenge or enmity. The Scandinavians seem to have been far more impervious to the noble sentiments of hospitality.

- (23) Swaran here evinces a savage malignancy truly disgusting. His was not the enmity of excitement, depending on the rage of battle, but the insatiable rage of a demon against whatever thwarts his purpose.
- (24) "His words are sad unto himself alone." This was a noble and a true sentiment. It is upon the cruel and ungrateful the consequences of their depravity fall,
- (25) Episode of Brassolis and Crimore.—We have here another melancholy picture of the consequence of deranged passions. What mere trifles will destroy the happiness of society, when allowed to gain possession of our feelings! The evils flowing from pride and covetousness coverthe whole worldwith woe and destruction. How strongly does this Episode point out the superiority of a strong and settled government, even though it should encroach a little on our natural liberty, over the law of force and caprice. Ullin was the ancient name of Ulster.
- (26) Though Connal was temperate, and a constant check on the impetuosity of Cudúlin, still the latter by no means disregarded his counsel. Connal's past experience with the northern invaders led him to fear a nightly assault, if they neglected the precaution of a night-guard. The prejudices of the times regarding ghosts are here pointedly alluded to.
- (27) Brassolisappears to have known the shield of Crimore; how, it is difficult to say. But sharp-sighted are lovers'eyes, and she could not but have remarked the hostility her brother entertained against him.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

(1) The firm conviction of the time when Ossian lived was in the constant appearance of ghosts, more especially after an engagement. Ossian, though he frequently represents his most estcemed characters as sceptical regarding the power and knowledge of ghosts, still never ventured to give such an opinion on his own responsibility. It is probable that he feared to run so contrary to public opinion as to do so: though the reasoning on the subject that he places in the mouths of others is often conclusive.

- (2) Note from the "Genuine Remains of Ossian."—"The lake of Lego can hardly be any other than Lough Erne, in the county of Fermanagh, at the north-west end of which there is, at this day, a village called Laura, see Timora, Duan II., at the beginning. The scenery round this lake is extremely beautiful."—The present author was more disposed to make Lough Neagh the Lego of Ossian.
- (3) Note from the 'Genuine Remains of Ossian.'—From this designation, which occurs in no other place in his works, it would appear that Ossian, though a great admirer of Cudúlin, did not approve of his scepticism."

But, courteous reader, are we to believe in ghosts? That many persons still do, I am firmly convinced. Dr. Darwin disposes of the question of dreams in a very decisive manner. He makes dreams the product of what he terms the sensorial fluid, which he supposes to circulate in the sensorium, or organ of the senses: this fluid he justly imagines to be in a constant state of expenditure during our waking hours; but that, during sound sleep, it is for a time unemployed, and merely supplied, or secreted by its proper organ. When the sensorium receives its proper tension, it is thrown into action, and again commences sensation. He supposes dreams, therefore, to be conservative of the nervous organ, which without them might be liable to rupture, or disarrangement, from the undue pressure of the sensorial fluid. But are not some dreams produced by an extrinsic cause? We believe that they certainly are. However, it is absurd to believe that all dreams, or ordinary dreams. are so produced. As to ghosts, we have not extensive data to form an accurate opinion concerning them. They may be a species of waking dreams. "A spirit hath not flesh and bones," said our Saviour. But many persons very absurdly think that spirits have the power of assuming bodily shapes, and of frightening and injuring human beings! That God has the power of embodying spirits for a particular occasion, no rational being will doubt. But does HE do so, as the vulgar believe, to terrify old women and children? Ridiculous to suppose it! An excited imagination, more especially in a prejudiced person, may throw the optic and auditory nerves into such action, as to cause such impressions as will leave a conviction of the presence of a ghost. The raving fit of a fever, or a species of disease, has occasioned hallacinations. Supernatural visions, in the way of revelation, there also have been: but the latter leave no doubt of their existence, nor, perhaps, of the object intended by them. But it is unnecessary, and would be inappropriate, to pursue the subject further. Fear God, not ghosts!

(4) Ossian in this passage gives us the most unequivocal proof of the indomitable courage of Cudúlin: nothing, whether corporeal or supernatural, could drive him from the path of glory. There formerly existed, and perhaps there still exists, among the vulgar, a strong prejudice, that ghosts dread the naked steel of a sword!

- (5) "And on the edge of ocean trembled day." This is beautifully descriptive of nature, and could only be remarked by a person who has often perceived the rising sun on the distant horizontal line of the ocean: it then really appears to tremble, from the undulation of the waves.
- (6) The tenor of this nefarious propesal shews at once the principle of Swaran. He probably was a married man; but whether he were or not, the disgrace he sought to inflict on Cuddilin was barbarous. If he fought for territory, we can understand his ambition, silly as it was. But to demand the faithful wife of an honourable man, merely to degrade him, was proof of a mind nurtured to evil for evil's sake. Cudulin's reply was truly appropriate.
- (7) It was exceedingly consistent with their other notions concerning ghosts to make them capable of great expansion.
- (8) The introduction of Crugal's name in the battle-song evinces great judgment in the poet. It was to be inferred that the spirit which displayed so much anxiety for their safety, as to pay an express visit for the purpose of advising their retreat, would experience much solace by this flattering allusion to him by the bard. If Dogréna, his wife, were slaughtered by the troops of Swaran, it was an incident admirably calculated to inflame the Irish blood to fever-height. Such an assassination plainly shewed the Irish troops what the result of their subjugation would be.
- (9) From this expression one is led to imagine that Cudúlin first practised the art of war under Connal's instruction.
- (10) There at all times has been a tendency in the human mind to predict calamities from eclipses.
- (11) The prejudice which Cudúlin here indulges in it would be fortunate for society if it were carried still farther. For though evil sometimes goes unpunished in this world, deeds of pride and revenge are certainly unhappy for those who commit them. The combat of Cudúlin and Ferde more closely resembles our modern duels than any incident we remember te have met with in the poems of Ossian. The conduct of Dedgal is altogetheras foul as human being could display. She is guilty of the most deliberate adultery, and the most treacherous murder. Her husband was wise in parting with her, for she was truly a "soul of deceit;" but we do not see the wisdom of his giving her the half of his property. For the honour of Ireland be it spoken, that the pages of her history are not cursed with many Dedgals. Alas, poor Ferde l unfortunate was your lot when she east her lascivious eyes on you!

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- (12) Comal was the father of the celebrated Fingal, and though the incident here narrated was a most deplorable one, still Comal was guiltless of the death of Galvin. Duelling, however, is murderous, deliberately so: we cannot, therefore, acquit Cudúlin of this guilty deed, though he, like modern duellists, may plead custom and bad example in extenuation of it. But that plea will not always stand them in stead.
- (13) Here we have another illustration of the evil of practical jokes. The sweet Galvin suffered well for her curiosity regarding her lover's faith!

NOTES TO CANTO III.

- (1) Deeply interesting as is the episode of Aganecca, exalted as it makes the character of young Fingal, it renders Starné so diabolical, that it would require the aid of wide-spreading tradition to credit it. But, unfortunately, that tradition is too well established to be called in question. The excerable monster did barbarously stab his own lovely daughter to the heart, out of spite that she had preserved the life of her betrothed husband, whom her sarage father, as Ossian justly styles him, meant to assassinate!
- (2) Snivan appears to have acted in the capacity of a priest to Lodin, and, from Starné's conduct, we apprehend that the system of religion practised under this idol, or demon, was a complete tissue of sanguinary fraud.
- (3) Albins appears to have been the ancient name of the inhabitants of North Britain; and Alban the name of the country. Perhaps it would be far more reasonable to derive the name of Albion from this latter word, than from the white cliffs of South Britain.
 - (4) This is a very early allusion to northern harmony.
- (5) Note from the Editor of the "Genuine Remains of Ossian:—" The beauty of Aganecea is proverbial to this day in the more remote parts of the Highlands. It is stated in the life of Ossian, in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, that she was probably his mother. This, however, is incredible, as she was "the damsel of secret steps," until within a few days of her death. Roscrana (an Irish princess), the first wife of Fingal, was certainly the mother of Ossian, his eldest son, as all tradition uniformly relates. Though it is not to be imagined that this story was actually told by Carril, as here represented,—yet syeral circumstances lead us to conclude that this and all other episodes, which are always simple, and have frequently little connexion with the rest of the poem, are authentic accounts of real occurrences, judiciously introduced by the bard in order

explain and diversify his narratives, and at the same time to preserve an account of the deeds of the olden time. No part of his works can justly be regarded as fictious, except some accounts of dreams, ghosts, and soliloquies; and even these all strictly accord with the character and circumstances of the individuals, and the opinions of the author's age and country, containing nothing but what might well be supposed to have occurred; we have no reason to think that Osian did not 'send down the deeds of years gone by in faithful verse.'"

- (6) In this tale there is a very happy illustration of the wild prejudices of the times of Ossian regarding ghosts. Absurd as they are, as is indeed every notion that has not revelation for its basis, still they were very likely to be swallowed by the gaping tribes who made perils their delight, and who appear altogether to have lost sight of the Great Author and Ruler of nature, and to have transferred his office to ideal agents.
- (7) "For danger the uplifted weapon flies, The bold are they that ever win the prize!" The two lines just quoted are remarkably close to the original, and are beautifully descriptive of the nature and effect of true valour.
- (8) "To orator unknown."—"It is evident from this line, that by fer-focal (lit. word-man) Ossian means an eloquent man, or orator, the common signification of the word among modern Gaidils, and not a bard, as it has been rendered both by Macpherson and Macfarlane. It is no objection to this that Ullin is sometimes called fer-focal; for he might have been both."—"Genuine Remains of Ossian."
- (9) The agony of Cudúlin for a defeat, for which he not only was not in any degree answerable, but to avert which he exposed his own person very imprudently, yields a striking proof of the intrepidity and fidelity of his mind. If Ossian were desirous to draw a paragon of valour, he could not possibly have succeeded better than he has done in his noble sketch of Cudúlin.
- (10) "It is evident that Ossian uses hundred indefinitely for many, by which term indeed eeud might perhaps be more properly translated in most of the instances where it occurs, throughout his works,"—" Genuine Remains."
- (11) "Goul was chief of a very powerful tribe (probably the Danmil), and had in his youth rebelled against Fingal: and though he was overcome, and continued ever after a steady adherent, yet we may see from this speech that he by no means lost his independence of mind. The poom concerning his contest with Fingal, like many of Ossian's compositions, has been

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lost. The following passage of Barbour Bruce seems to allude to the subject:—

"He said, Methink Marthoky's son Rycht as Gol Mac-Morn was wone To haiff fra Fyngal his mengye (troops) Rycht sua all his fra us has he."

His great stature is alluded to in the following stanza of Dunbar's Droichis Pent of the Play:—

"My Fader, meikle Gow Mac-Morne, Out of his moderi's wane was schorne: For littleness was so forlorne, Sican a kemp to beir."

"It is evident from the third Dnan (Canto) of Timora, that the character of Goul was not that of a hero of more strength than conduct in battle—like Ajax in the Illiad—as is said by Mr. Macpherson, in his notes. This author likewise considers the retiring of Fingal before the next battle as all an artifice of the poet, that his return might be the more magnificent. But I would ask, what improbability is there in the supposition that Fingal did so withdraw? The early authors of every nation had little skill in such artifices; and therefore we may conclude that the speech of Goul, and the account of its consequences, had more foundation in truth than in the pages of the Highlander."—Genuine Remains.

(12) The Editor of the Genuine Remains says, that the Lake of Torgal was probably Lough Esk. He also says that, "according to Toland, both Landarg (or Lamderg) and Allad were Druids, and Galchossa a Druidess. Allad, he says, was the father of Orbsen, the great hero and legislator of the Isle of Man; and Laudarg was believed by the vulgar to live enchanted between Buncranach and Fathen, in Donegal; in which county is a mount named after Galchossa; and a grove and a temple, said to be her's, are shewn at some distance. These facts indicate that Donegal was the scene of Fingal's great battles in Ireland, and not Antrim, as the antiquary Campbel has endeavoured to shew. This writer thinks he has identified Tura with Carrickfergus. But the latter is situated on the sea, while it is evident from the opening and conclusion of Fingal, that Tura stood at some distance from the shore. He makes Ullin, which contained several tribes (Tim. II.), to comprehend only Antrim and a part of Down; and Inishuna, where Sulvalda tossed her arms in the gale that blew from Erin (IV.) was, according to him, in Derry; so that Camor must have tarried three days for a favourable wind to waft him across the Bann, to the country in which he already was. Atta, according

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to this topography, being situated on Lough Neagh, near the town of Antrim. Thus the "hundred clans" of the Belgæ must have lived on air, their territories being so small that they had barely room to lie down! Great Lego of the sable surge (Fingal. D. IV. ad init), he declares to be the insignificant stream of Legon; and he corrupted the text by changing Lego into Lano, which he tells us "was a marshy lake in Norway." Ossian never speaks of the stream, but only of the Lake of Lego, which Mr. Campbel declares is Belfast Lough; though it is hardly credible that it was ever frozen since the creation, as Ossian represents Lego to have been (Tim. II.) This writer has fallen into many similar mistakes, which we need not stop to particularize. It is evident that he never read, or at least has never understood Ossian in the original; though he has the temerity to censure Macpherson even where he is right.

"The scenery of Donegal, likewise, leads us to the same conclusion. A writer in the Collect. de Reb. Hibern, has the following passage:—'I must not omit (to mention) that in the centre of this county (Donegal), the cloud-capt mountain of Alt-Ossian presides, and around him (it) is the whole scenery of Ossian and Fingal, which has been so beautifully described by Mr. Macpherson, and to the northward of Lough Derg are the mountains, lakes and caverus of Finn or Fingal.' "—The present author has so minutely described the scene of action in his notes to Timora and Darthula, that to them he refers the reader.

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

- (1) This expression, "Brian's daughter of the ships," may serve to distinguish Lego's lake. Lough Neagh was large enough to afford navigation to ships; but Lough Erne scarcely large enough to require them.
- (2) If the detail of Ossian's wedding combat be true, and we see no reason whatever to question it, what an awful picture does it draw of the state of society in those days! The most solenn and peaceful rite could not be celebrated without a brutal carnage! Such are the sacrifices we offer up to the demon of pride. But had they no government at that time in Ireland? Yes, the government of the passions; every man did that which was good in his own eyes!
- (3) There is much beauty in the compliment young Oscar pays his noble grand-father. Indeed, the fourth canto makes a very happy transition from activity and spirit-stirring clanour to the pathetic.

NOTES TO CANTO V.

- (1) "With steps of wind the flying foe pursue." Fingal was a humane conqueror, and having now defeated the Scandinarvians, we may wonder at his thus pursuing them: but the inhabitants of Lochlan had so frequently, and so unprovokedly, invaded Ireland, and even Morven, that it would have been the height of imprudence to permit them to escape on this occasion without a severe castigation; more especially as they made no submission; on their leader's capture, and appearance of humiliation, however, he suspended all his wrath, and was as generous as even his foe could desire.
- (2) "Roiné was praised by this song, tho' without reference to himself, because none but those who had distinguished themselves had their elegies sung.

"The reader will be surrrised to find, that, instead of recounting the exploits and virtues of the deceased, like those of modern times, Ossian's elegies generally make no allusion to him. His was sung, not to gratify the living, but to give rest to the spirits of the dead; (see Professor Richardson, On the Origin of Superstition, in the appendix to Dr. Graham's Essay on Ossian, page 424, et seq.)—and therefore he shew'd his taste and his judgment by giving us accounts of interesting events, rather than monotonous narratives concerning feats and carnage,"—Genuine Remains of Ossian.

NOTES TO CANTO VI.

(1) The Episode of Trenmore was an admirable song of peace. Nothing could be better adapted to dispel Swaran's anger for his defeat; for by representing Fingal as of the same flesh and blood with himself, it gave him a sort of right to glory in the achievements of the hero of Morven, his near relation. Perhaps in the whole poem there is not a more interesting morecaux than this episode. It gives a clear view of the progress that civilization—at least that of pastime—had made at that remote period. They had bon-fires, music, and feasting, and chivalrous combats. The prude, perhaps, will be shocked at the forward spree of the lovely Scandinavian; but, in our humble opinion, nothing could be more prudent than the manner in which she allayed the darts of Cupid within her sensitive bosom. No doubt, she was a woman of mind, and understood

human nature too well to fear the result of her romantic artifice on the gallant Caledonian. Trne valour and generosity are inseparable companions. We lament that we cannot at the moment give the heroine's name to our readers, as the poet has neglected to leave it on record. However, we have no doubt that the Scandinavian breast of snow, was influential in sustaining her gallant sponse in the awful combat with Druidism in which he afterwards engaged.

- (2) The appetite for posthumous fame appears to have been common to almost all nations; and whence could it have been derived but from a traditionary belief in the immortality of the soul-however corrupted that belief might have become? In the Bardic system, which survived the wreck of Druidism, we have seen to what that belief had degenerated; but in the more revolting Scandinavian system, there was, perhaps, less pabulum for such a passion as that in which Swaran seems so strongly to indulge. Fingal, indeed, was right according to the fantasies of the age he lived in. There was more of reality in their then-existing state, than in the nebulous condition the bards had assigned; so true it is, that "Life and immortality were brought to light in the Gospel." And how necessary was that glorious illumination at the period to which the poems of Ossian have brought us, the dullest reader must perceive. Fingal appears to have been a very superior heathen.
- (3) "Addressed the sculptured stone." This is one of the clearest allusions to pure idolatry we have in ancient poetry.—There is no evidence in the poems of Ossian, that the Caledonians in his time had any object of religious worship; therefore we presume the king of Craca to have been a Scandinavian. The horrid nature of the Scandinavian rites may be inferred from the brief hints Ossian affords concerning them. They (the Scandinavians) seem to have made the "prince of the power of the air" their God! and all his passions they appear to have copied with a terrible fidelity.
- (5) "Call Luat, Kerr."—The Editor of the Genuine Remains says, "Luat is merely the Gaclic for swift; and it is not to be supposed that this was the Luat of Cudúlin mentioned in Duan (canto) II."
- (6) "Gallant ruler."—From this expression it is to be inferred that Cuddlin was more than a mere military commander. In fact, he was a sort of Regent, or Protector, to Cormac. Or his fidelity as such he gave abundant proof.
- (7) That Cudúlin operated, and distinguished himself, in the wars of Fingal against the Roman invaders, is obvious from this passage.

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(8) "Ignoble Conan said." The Editor of the Genuine Remains says, "It is rather singular that this personage is not once mentioned in any other part of the works of Ossian extant; for he is so famous in tradition, that a snarling cur is very frequently designated a Conan. It is very probable that several other specimens of his garrulity might have been found in some of Ossian's lost poems, which were, to all appearance, as numerous as those extant. Conan is often mentioned in poems attributed to Ossian, and in the compositions of modern bards; in all of which he is uniformly represented as loquacious, feeble, and malicious."

END OF THE NOTES ON FINGAL.

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